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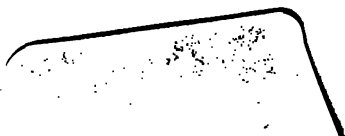
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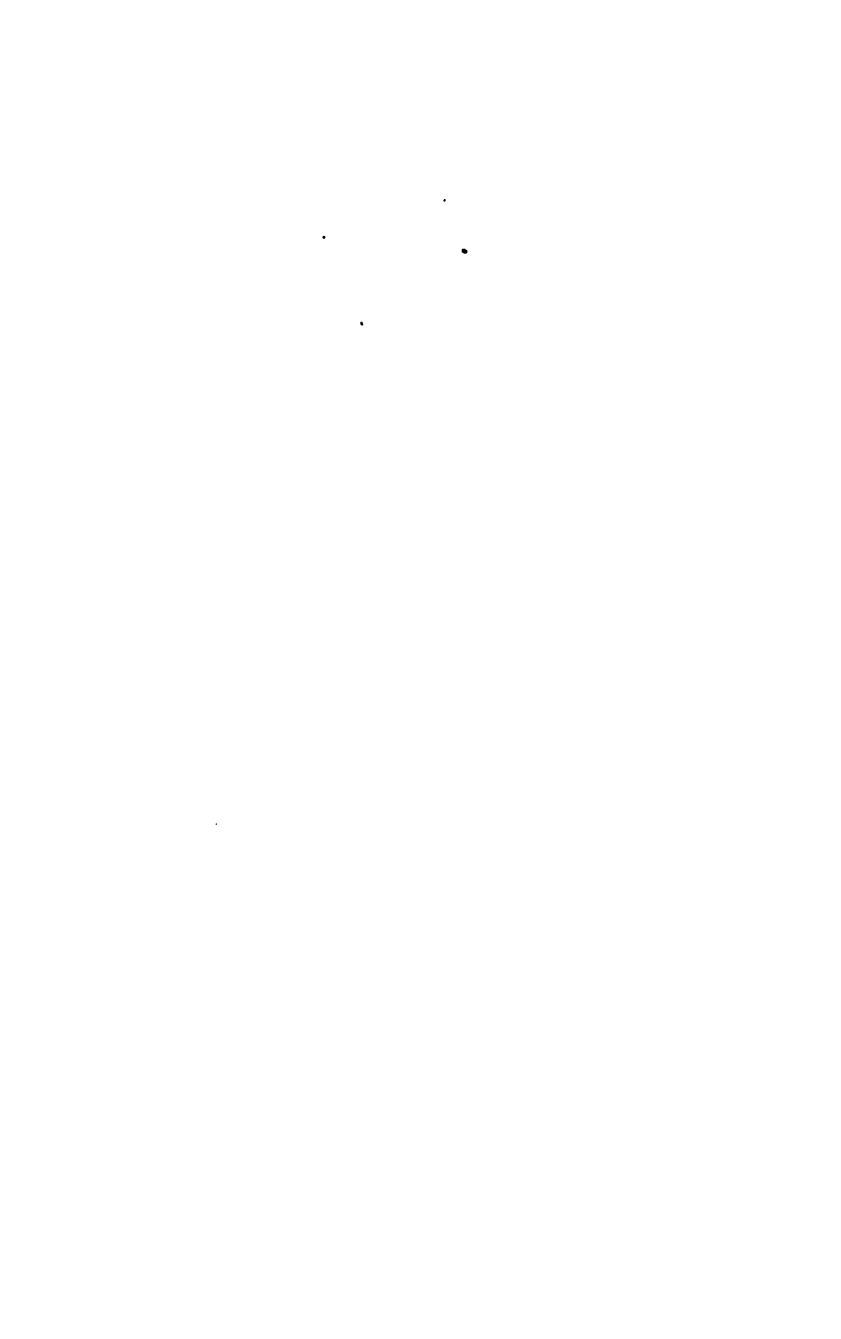
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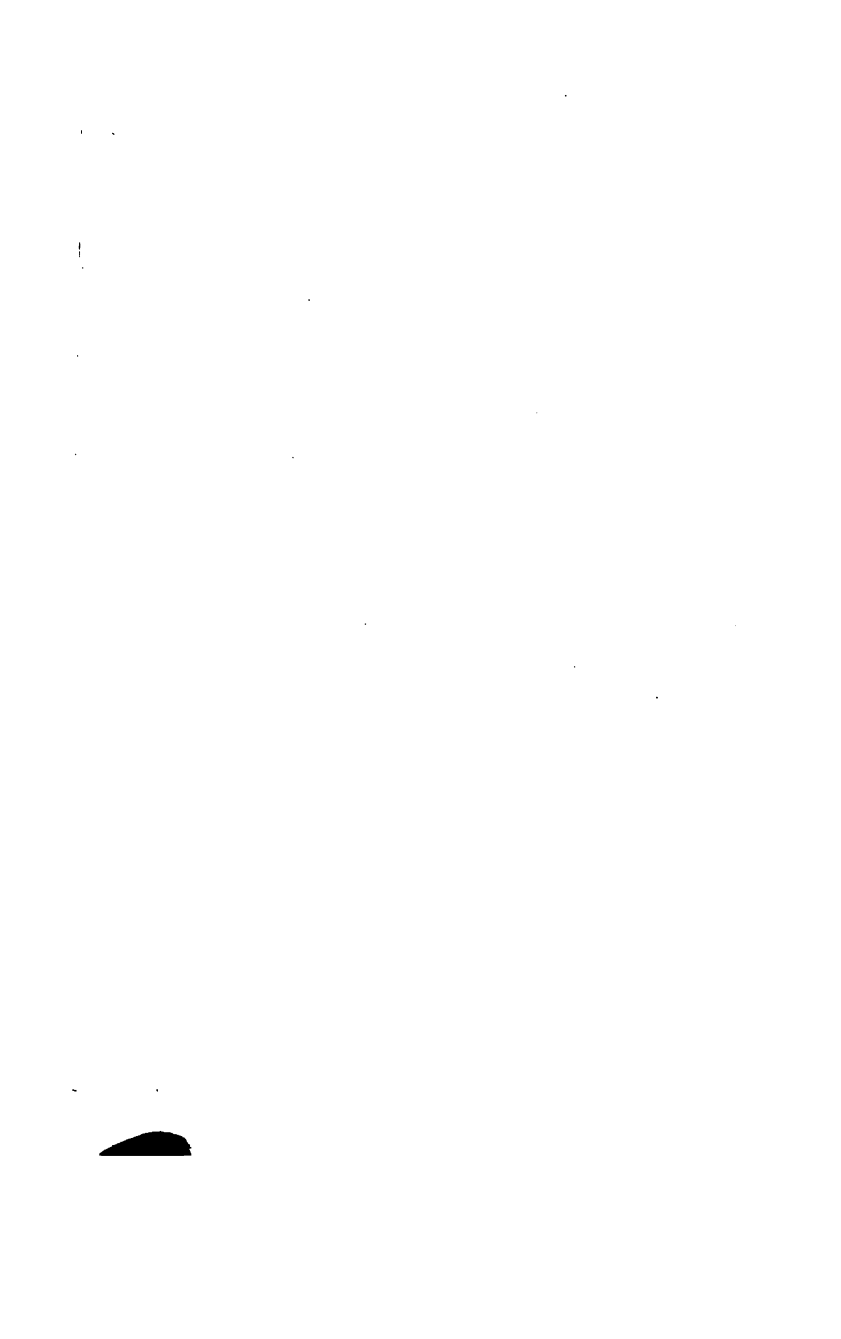
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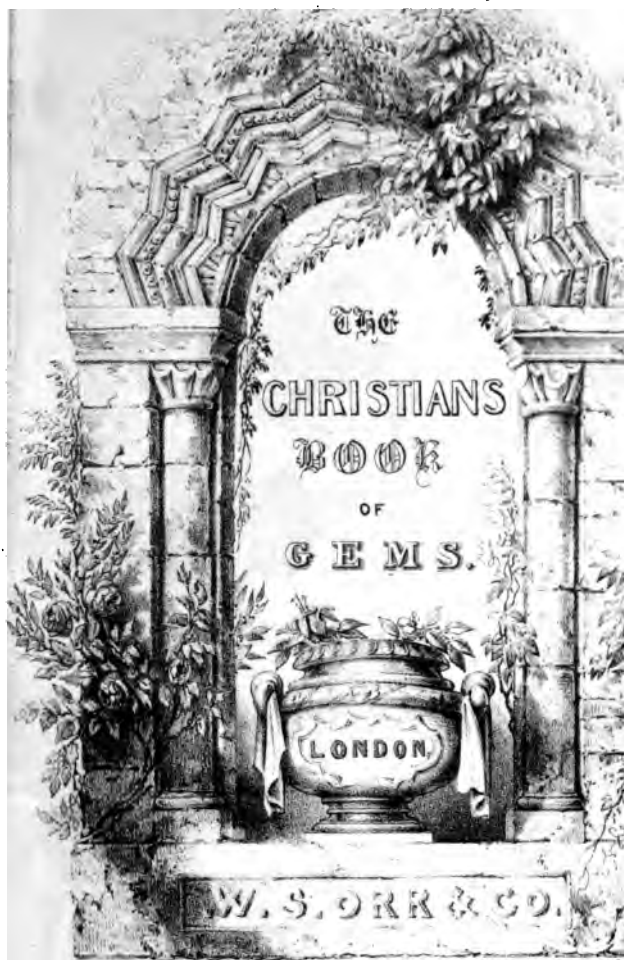


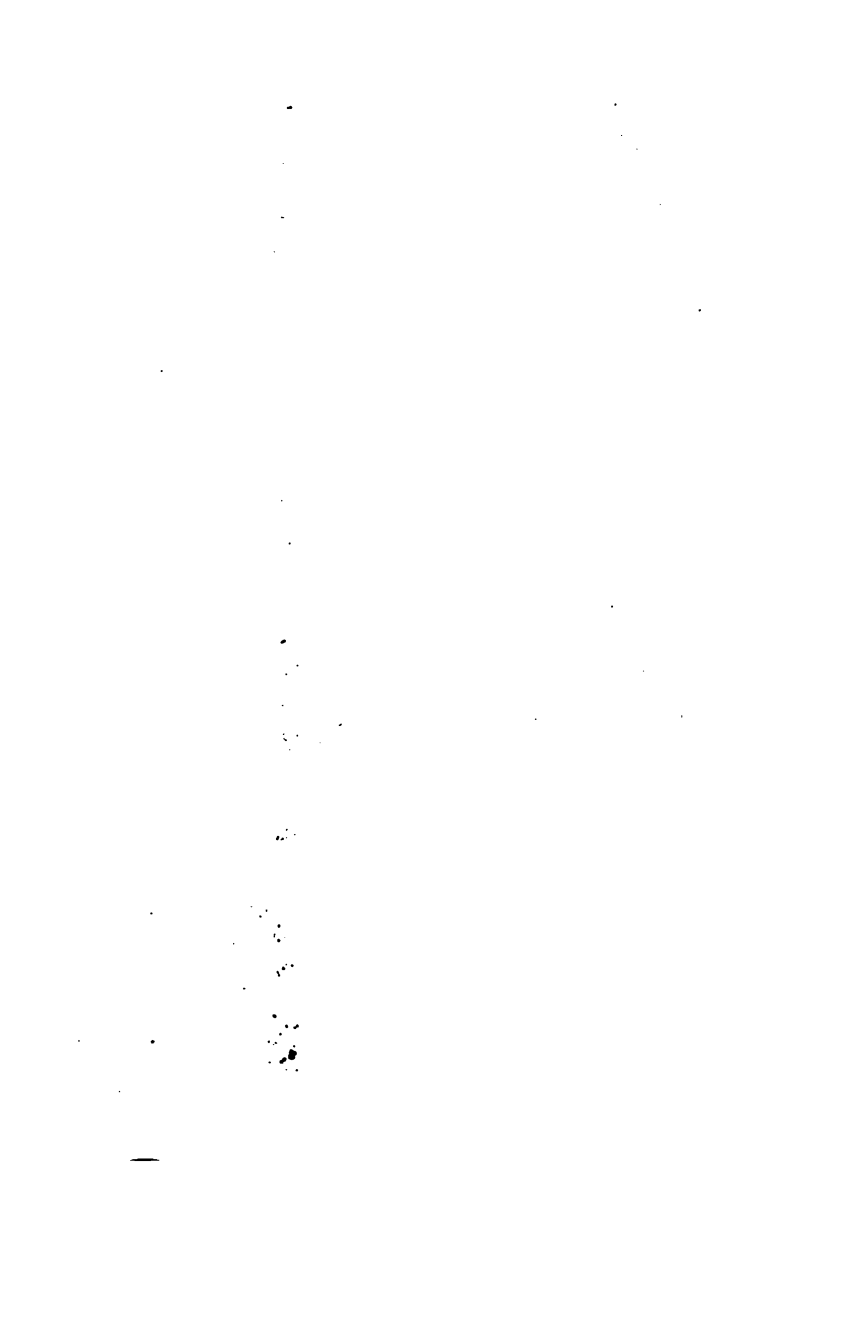




THE
CHRISTIAN'S BOOK OF GEMS.

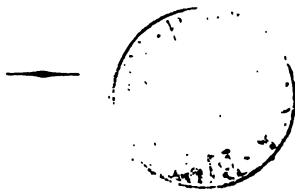






THE
CHRISTIAN'S
BOOK OF GEMS;

A Selection of Sacred Poetry.



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PREFACE.

THE Muse is never so much in her element as when Religion is the theme of her song; and it may be said with truth, that the library of Christian poetry is more lofty in its feeling and more beneficial in its influence, than any other library that can be named. Prose works admit of more logical connexion, and more close and lengthened train of thought; and thus they address themselves to the understandings of the learned in perhaps more congenial manner than the lighter effusions of the sacred bard. But these latter speak directly to the heart, and win their way with the unlearned as well as with the learned; and we may challenge contradiction when we say it, that probably more have been at first attracted toward the paths of wisdom and truth by sacred poetry than by all the erudition of the more learned divines.

To contribute in some measure to this purpose is the object of the present collection, which has been selected with much care from very many of our best composers of sacred song. The individual pieces have been selected for their piety, their kindly feeling, and the purity and simplicity of their style. They are such as all may read and understand, and many must admire; and if they shall impart to the reader, especially to the young reader, a portion of that spirit which they breathe, the fondest wish of the compiler will be accomplished, and he will have the satisfaction of knowing that the pleasing task which he has undertaken has not been performed in vain.

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THE
CHRISTIAN'S BOOK OF GEMS.

PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING.

Psalm.

God of my fathers ! holy, just, and good ;
My God ! my Father ! my unfailing hope :
Jehovah ! let the incense of my praise,
Accepted, burn before thy mercy-seat,
And in thy presence burn, both day and night.
Maker ! Preserver ! my Redeemer God !
Whom have I in the heavens but Thee alone !
On earth, but Thee, whom should I praise, whom
love !

For thou hast brought me hitherto, upheld
By thy omnipotence ; and from thy grace
Unbought, unmerited, though not unsought,
The wells of thy salvation, hast refresh'd

My spirit, watering it at morn and even ;
And by thy Spirit, which thou freely giv'st
To whom thou wilt, hast led my venturous song,
Over the vale and mountain track, the light
And shade of man ; into the burning deep
Descending now, and now encircling the mount,
Where highest sits Divinity, enthroned ;
Rolling along the tide of fluent thought,
The tide of moral, natural, divine ;
Gazing on past and present ; and again
On rapid pinion borne, outstripping time,
In long excursion, wandering through the groves
Unfading, and the endless avenues,
That shade the landscape of eternity ;
And talking there with holy angels met,
And future men, in glorious vision seen !
Nor unrewarded have I watch'd at night,
And heard the drowsy sound of neighbouring sleep.
New thought, new imagery, new scenes of bliss
And glory, unrehearsed by mortal tongue,
Which unreveal'd, I, trembling, turn'd and left,
Bursting at once upon my ravish'd eye,
With joy unspeakable have fill'd my soul,
And made my cup run over with delight ;
Though in my face the blast of adverse winds,
While boldly circumnavigating man,
Winds seeming adverse, though perhaps not so,

Have beat severely, disregarded beat,
When I, behind me, heard the voice of God,
And his propiti~~ous~~ Spirit say, "fear not!"
God of my fathers! ever-present God!
This offering more, inspire, sustain, accept;
Highest, if numbers answer to the theme;
Best answering, if thy spirit dictate most.
Jehovah! breathe upon my soul; my heart
Enlarge; my faith increase; increase my hope;
My thoughts exalt; my fancy sanctify,
And all my passions, that I near thy throne
May venture unproved, and sing the day
Which none unholy ought to name, the Day
Of Judgment! greatest day past or to come!
Day, which—deny me what thou wilt, deny
Me home, or friend, or honourable name—
Thy mercy grant, I, thoroughly prepared
With comely garment of redeeming love,
May meet, and have my Judge for advocate.

SONNET.

C. Townsend.

Dimm'd by the distance and the hazy sky,
On ocean's farthest verge a vessel lay;

Long had I watch'd it on its gentle way,
Till now, scarce seen, it faded on the eye :
Wedded in thought and varying sympathy,
I communed with the souls it did convey,
And kind Affection's and Hope's cheering ray
Sent o'er the waters, with Compassion's sigh.—
How little thought the solitary crew,
'Mid the lone ocean, of a friendly care,
Whose eye and heart still held them in its view,
And breathed for them a supplicating prayer :
Nor knoweth man what love his steps attend,
What unseen Being is his guardian friend.

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER ON THE
DEATH OF HER CHILD.

Hardlaw.

THERE was the parting sigh ;
With that the spirit fled,
And winged its flight on high,
And left the body dead.
No prayers, no tears, its flight could stay,
'*T*was Jesus call'd the soul away.

Oh, how shall I complain
Of Him that rules above
Who sends no needless pain,
Who always smites in love ;
Who looks in tenderest pity down,
E'en when He seems to wear a frown.

The eye of Jesus wept,
It dropp'd a holy tear,
When Mary's brother "slept,"
A friend to Jesus dear ;
Delightful thought ! that blessed eye
Still beams with kindness in the sky.

I know my babe is blest,
Her bliss by Jesus given ;
She's early gone to rest,
She's found an early heaven ;
The sigh that closed her eyes on earth,
Was signal of her happier birth.

But, ah, my spirits fail,
I feel a pang untold,
Those ruby lips so pale !
That blushing cheek so cold ;
And dim those eyes of "dewy light,"
That smiled and glanced so sweetly bright.

To lay that darling form,
So lovely e'en in death,
Food for corruption's worm,
The mouldering earth beneath !
Oh, worse to me than twice to part,
Than second death-stroke to my heart.

As summer-flower she grew,
Expanding to the morn,
All gemm'd with sparkling dew,
A flower without a thorn,
A mother's sweet and lovely flower,
Sweeter and lovelier every hour.

But, ah, my morning bloom
Scarce felt the warming ray ;
An unexpected gloom
Obscured the rising day ;
A dreary, cold, and withering blast
Low on the ground its beauties cast.

Its glistening leaves are shed,
That spread so fresh and fair ;
The balmy fragrance fled,
That scented all the air ;
And lowly laid its lifeless form,
The gentle victim of the storm !

But why in anguish weep !

Hope beams upon my view ;

'Tis but a winter's sleep—

My flowers shall spring anew,

Each darling flower in earth that sleeps,

O'er which fond memory hangs and weeps ;

All to new life shall rise,

In heavenly beauty bright,

Shall charm my ravish'd eyes,

In tints of rainbow light ;

Shall bloom unfading in the skies,

And drink the dews of paradise.

Oh ! this is blest relief

My fainting heart it cheers ;

It cools my burning grief,

And sweetens all my tears,

Those eyes shall see my darling then,

Nor shed a parting tear agen.

And while my bleeding heart

Laments for comforts gone,

I only mourn apart,

I am not left alone :

Though nightsome buds of opening joy,

How many still my thanks employ,

And thou ! my second heart,
Loved partner of my grief,
Heaven bids not thee depart,
Of earthly joys the chief ;
A favoured wife and mother still,
Let grateful praise my bosom fill.

STANZAS.

By the Rev. William Scott Moncrieff.

"I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."—REV. xiv. 2.

HARK ! hark ; 'Tis heaven's choir,
Sweeter far than mortal lyre,
Pealing, thrilling, soothing, blending,
Up to heaven's top vault ascending ;
Now in deepest thunder rolling,
High the Almighty's power extolling ;
And now, in softest sweetness swelling,
Of divinest mercy telling.

Steep, my soul, thy sense in slumbers,
And wake but to these mystic numbers.
Higher than creation's height,
Deeper than chaotic night,
Far into oblivion's gloom,
Of all that is, or was, the tomb ;
Spread these deep, loud notes, afar,
Announcing heaven's impending war.

Quick, at the voice of that live thunder,
Earth and hell are rent asunder :
Hark ! it rolls, still louder pealing,
Every secret thing revealing.
Death, and Sin, are fast descending,
All their tyrannies are ending ;
Darkness startles on her throne,
For her ancient sway is gone.

The silent solitary earth
Now labours with portentous birth ;
The mighty deep, in madness, roars,
And his long treasured dead restores :
Heaven's thunder darkens, deepens on,
But cannot drown the deeper moan
Bursting from millions, who behold
Their doom at length, so oft foretold.

DEATH-BED.

By Mr. William Thomson, Glasgow.

STRANGE was thy feeling, and as sad as new,
When first the fact was forced upon thy view,
That men could listen to the words of grace,
And own them true, with brute unconscious gaze,
And hear unmoved alike the sinner's fate,
And all the glories of the heavenly state.
Thou camest, full of zeal and fervid hope,
With others' foolishness and sins to cope,
Assured that the same love which vanquish'd thine
Would soon each heart to thy loved Lord incline;
But soon thy lofty expectations fall,
When few appear arrested by thy call.
Though all attentively thy words receive,
But few are melted, almost none believe ;
'Thou then rememb'rest thou art weak and young,
While old is Adam, and in age is strong.

When busy buoyant health the truth delayed,
And secret fond excuses idly made,
Thou turnedst hopeful to the couch of death,
Where life hung quiv'ring on the lab'ring breath.

Sure here no false delay can charm the mind,
Nor to the terrors of the judgment blind;
Here Christian counsel thou may'st safe impart,
And find a ready entrance to the heart.
Yes, thou art welcomed to that sad abode,
But not to lead the sinner back to God.
" 'Tis true," he cries, " I've sinned, but all have sin;
'Tis ne'er too late repentance to begin,
And God is ever ready to forgive :
I'll leave my evil courses, if I live ;
And if I die, I know, while God is just,
He's gracious too, and in his grace I trust."

And oft does treach'rous hope the mind beguile;
Hope nourish'd by the friends' mistaken wile,
Who cheer his heart with themes of other years,
Assuage his sorrows, and divert his fears,
Not by the love of Him who died to save,
But by oblivion of the yawning grave.
His ghastly stillness after fever's rage,
And sinking pulse, a speedy death presage.—
Though asthma cut the breath, and hectic bloom,
Or fierce catarrh consumption's victim doom,—
Though hoary lock and wither'd limbs proclaim
That life's last tide forsakes the sinking frame,
His thoughts are still of life, nor does he dwell
On what he hopes of heav'n or fears of hell,
Assents to all you tell of Christ and God,

Of the soul's worth, and of its last abode ;
But the dull eye proclaims the absent mind.
To earthly hopes are all its thoughts confined,
Till the last struggle fix each quivering ball, [all.
Or phrenzy blend all thoughts, or stupor blot them

Or sometimes terrors seize the dying man,
When now his days are dwindled to a span,
And bitter are his tears for errors past,
And loud his prayers for mercy at the last.
No consolation now can reach his heart,
Nor gracious offers now relieve his smart.
"My sins are greater than can be forgiven,
No such vile wretch as I can enter heaven,—
Tis now too late,"—he shivers as he lies,
And in his mental agony he dies.

But all do not presume, nor all despair :
There be who, mid their poverty and care,
Have learn'd to store a treasure in the skies,
And thither oft their aspirations rise.
These hast thou seen amid their toils severe ;
Nor couldst thou see them thus without a tear,—
A tear of joy ; for every count'nance told
Of bliss not to be bought with Ophir's gold.
Nor was that tear without its rapture too :
When death's pale messenger appear'd in view,
Their hope has triumph'd over nature's dread,
And strength divine sustain'd the sinking head,

The king of terrors made himself a spoil,
While the pale lips in sweet composure smile.
Unknown by men, they leave this sad abode,
And join the ransom'd round the throne of God.

THANKSGIVING.

O God ! of old thou hast declared
That in thick darkness thou wouldst dwell ;
O, God ! I have an house prepared
For thee, the God of Israel ;
O, God ! for thy approving sign,
We thank thee—humbly thee adore !
O, God ! make thou this Temple thine
For evermore, for evermore !

THE SCRIPTURES.

Belly.

I LOVE the sacred Book of God ;
No other can its place supply :
It points me to the saints above ;
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

Sweet book, in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord ;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

In thee I read my title clear
To mansions that will ne'er decay ;
My Lord, O when will he appear,
And bear his pris'ner far away !

Then shall I need thy light no more,
For nothing shall be then conceal'd ;
When I have reach'd the heavenly shore,
The Lord himself will stand reveal'd.

When midst the throng celestial placed,
The bright original I see,
From which thy sacred page was traced,
Sweet book, I've no more need of thee.

But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love ;
I'll read, with Faith's discerning eye,
And get a taste of joys above.

I know his Spirit breathes in thee,
To animate his people here ;
May thy sweet truths prove life to me,
Till in his presence I appear !

THE MARTYR'S HYMN.

W. Johnson.

HOLY Jesus ! King of Glory !
Hosts on high thy praise proclaim ;
Joyful would my soul adore thee,
That I suffer for thy name.
Now I leave this world of sorrow,
Leave this faint and dying clay,
Soar on angels' wings, to borrow
Robes of angels' bright array.
Set, O set my spirit free ;
Let me die, to live with thee !

Now I see thee, Saviour, bending
From thy glorious throne on high :
See the cherubim descending,
With the chariots of the sky.
These shall waft my fainting spirit
To thy blissful home above,
In thy presence to inherit
Realms of everlasting love.
Set, O set my spirit free ;
Let me die, to live with thee !

Farewell, Earth, with all its treasures,
Empty, poor, and base alloy ;
Come, ye pure celestial pleasures,
Scenes of transport, love, and joy ;
Heavenly raptures rise before me,
Tastes of bliss till now unknown ;
Heaven appears in all its glory,
Jesus on the eternal throne.
Now my soaring soul is free,
Lord, I rise to reign with thee !

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
And Zion was our mournful theme.

Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that wither'd there.

Meanwhile our foes, who all conspired
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us required,
“Come, sing us one of Zion's songs.”

How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands ?
Shall hymns of joy to God our King
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands ?

O Salem ! our once happy seat !
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings which are to move.

If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seal my tongue ;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.

A HYMN AT SUNSET AMONG THE ALPS.

OH Thou, who hast thine altar made
On every mountain's brow ;
Whose temple is the forest's shade,
Its arch the forest bough ;
Thou hast ever listen'd when we prayed,
And thou wilt hear us now.

Full kingly is thy royal grace
On the wide world pour'd forth ;
From the sunny south, "in pride of place,"
To the icy-girded north,
The glorious beauty of thy face
Doth shine upon the earth.

To each—to all—thy bounty flows,
Full, boundless, deep, and free ;
Thou hast flowers for earth, and stars for heaven,
And gems for the blue sea ;
And for us our everlasting hills,
And hearts which dauntless be.

More hast thou given, oh God ! yet more
Than our spirits true and bold ;
And our mighty mountain sentinels,
Those watchers stern and old—
The shadow of a glorious past
Our memory doth enfold,

That little band of shepherd men,
Who left their flocks with Thee,
And, strong in heart, went boldly forth
To make our mountains free—
Thy hand was with their steadfast worth,
And they won the victory.

And they, the saints of later time,
Who dwell in places lone,
And wandering exiles for their faith,
Through toil and famine, fight and death
Their martyr crowns have won.—
’Twas thou received their fleeting breath
And they sit beneath thy throne.

Forsake us not, but as of old
So let our spirits be ;
And give us still the courage bold
To keep our mountains free ;
And our ancestral faith to hold,
Wherewith we worship thee.

The cattle on a thousand hills,
The feeble and the small—
We leave throughout the silent night,
Nor fear lest harm befall ;
For thou who bless’d the patriarch’s store,
Wilt guard and keep them all.

Praise from the mountain’s lordly crest,
Praise from the valley lone,
For all our daily blessedness,
For our bright ones who are gone,
To thee, the mightiest, wisest, best,
The great Eternal One !

SUNDAY.

Herbert.

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood ;
The couch of Time ; Care's balm and bay ;
The week were dark, but for thy light ;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man, whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow ;
The working days are the back part,
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow
Till thy release appear.

Man had straightforward gone
To endless death ; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One
Whom, if we were not very dull,

We could not choose but look on still,
Since there is no place so alone
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are
On which heaven's palace arched lies ;
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.

They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden ; that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.

On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

Thou art a day of mirth ;
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven !

STANZAS.

~~W~~ardsworth.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn ;
Not seldom evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding bark, untrue ;
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord !
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die ;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify !

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And ask'd for peace with suppliant knee ;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy,

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Samr Taylor.

BLIND to ourselves,—to others not less blind,
Who slowly learn to understand mankind.
Sanguine and ardent, indisposed to hold
The cautious maxims that our fathers told,
We place new objects in the fairest light,
And offer gen'rous friendship at first sight.
Expect (though not the first-rate mental powers)
A mind, at least, in unison with ours ;
Free from those meaner faults, that most conspire
To damp our love, if not put out its fire.
Cold o'er the heart the slight expression steals,
That first some trait of character reveals ;
Some fault, perhaps, less prominent alone,
But causing painful friction with our own.
Long is the harsh, reluctant thought suppress,
We drive the cold suspicion from our breast ;
But when confirm'd, our gen'rous love condemn,
Turn off disgusted with the world and them,
Resolve no more at Friendship's fane to serve,
And call her names she does not quite deserve.

But this is rash—Experience would confess
That friendship's very frailties chill us less
(Sincere and well-intention'd all the while)
Than the world's complaisant and polish'd smile.
With other chattels, nameless in my verse,
Friends must be held "for better or for worse;"
And that alone true friendship we shall call,
Which undertakes to love us, *faults and all* ;
And she who guides this humble line could prove,
There is,—there is, such candid, gen'rous love ;
And, from the life, her faithful hand could pain
Glowing exceptions to her own complaint.

SAUL.

By G. M. Bell,

AUTHOR OF "THE SCOTTISH MARTYR," &c.

ABSTRACTED and alone sat Saul the king,
The mighty king of warlike Israel ;
Dark shadows o'er his spirit went and came,
And fearful thoughts of dread futurity.
His lofty eye scowl'd indignation round,
And furious passion wrinkled up his brow ;

Anon a gleam of peace shot through his soul,
And he was calm; but soon more solemn thoughts,
Like thunder-laden clouds, enshroud his mind,
And troubled looks denote no love of God.
The minstrel now is call'd—a fair-hair'd boy,
Who oft had soothed, by his entrancing notes,
The soul of mighty Saul. A noble boy
In look and mien, whom God had early bless'd,
And brought from Bethlem's plains, a shepherd-boy,
To reign, the future king of Israel.

At bidding of proud Saul he struck his harp,
And sung with joy of God's unceasing love,
Who saved him from the bear and lion's paw,
And from the spear of giant Philistine;
Who victory to Israel gave, and sent
Confusion and defeat on all her foes.

He sang of Judah's bondage, and the way
God led them through the desert's pathless waste,—
Of Egypt's plagues, and sad discomfiture.
But deep and louder grew the thrilling strain,
When of the patriarchal chief he sang, whence
should arise

The promised Lord of glory,—Sion's King,—
The King of kings,—Most High,—Omnipotent,—
The Lord of all, and yet the Son of Man.
Saul heard entranced, till mention of a king
Stirr'd in his soul most hideous jealousy.

The prophet's words, " God hath rejected thee,
And hath thy kingdom to thy neighbour given,"
Rose like some dismal spectre on his sight.
The plaudits of the crowd, " Saul hath thousands
But David tens of thousands nobly slain,"
Inflamed his mind with horrible revenge.
He saw the words inscribed on every side,
And heard the acclamations loud arise,
Re-echoed by innumerable crowds.
His wild imagination figures up
A regal throne, on which the youth is placed,
The shepherd-boy transform'd a lordly king !
Upon his fair and sunny brow a crown
Is set, refulgent with the brightest gems ;
Thousands in his presence wait obsequious,
And tens of thousands cry, exulting,
" King David, live for ever !" Starting up,
Alarm'd, incensed, and full of deadly hate,
The jealous Saul a javelin seized and flung,
With murd'rous aim, at God's anointed one;
But mercy interposed, and turn'd its point
'Gainst the insensate wall. The youth escaped
Like bird from fowler's snare, uninjured but amazed,
And praising God Most High, while Saul alone
Stood, stung with disappointment and despair.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

THE morning of nature shall teach me to sing,
And the life-giving breezes that wait on the spring,
While, bursting to verdure, and hasting to bloom,
They bear us from winter and turn us from gloom.

O learn from the season a lesson of truth,
While now in the morning and spring-time of
youth,
Let the life-giving breeze be received in your soul,
And your heart shall expand and your graces unroll.

And think on the mercy who taught you to trace
In the Founder of nature the Giver of grace ;
That the beams of His goodness on you should
arise
Who planted the hills and extended the skies.

Let the bloom of your spring-time his sacrifice be,
Who has shown you these favours so great and
so free ;
Let the round of your seasons be spent in his praise,
And your feet be delighted to walk in his ways.

But the spring has its blight, and the summer its
storm,
And the sweet fruit of autumn hides ofttimes a
worm,
And the keen frost of winter makes leafless the bough
That was blushing with sweetness and beauty but
now.

Yet the gardener can shield from the blight and
the storm,
And he too can rescue the fruit from the worm,
And the amaranth fears not the winter's keen frost,
But lives when the summer-tree's leaves are all
lost.

Then learn from the season a lesson of truth—
While now in the morning and spring-time of
youth,
Let the Saviour protect from the blight of the
spring,
Let him hide from the storm when the summer-
birds sing.

No worm of the autumn your fruit shall consume,
But blossoms and fruit yield a charming perfume ;
And winter shall find you an amaranth bright,
And Jesus transplant to the kingdom of light.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

James Grahame,

AUTHOR OF "THE SABBATH."

DEAR to my soul! ah, early lost :
Affection's arm was weak to save ;
Now Friendship's pride, and Virtue's boast,
Have come to an untimely grave.

Closed, ever closed those speaking eyes,
Where sweetness beam'd, where candour shone;
And silent that heart-thrilling voice,
Which Music loved, and call'd her own.

That gentle bosom now is cold,
Where Feeling's vestal splendours glow'd ;
And crumbling down to common mould,
That heart where Love and Truth abode.

Yet I behold the smile unfeign'd,
Which doubt dispell'd and kindness won ;
Yet the soft diffidence, that gain'd
The triumph it appear'd to shun.

Delusion all—forbear, my heart ,
 These unavailing throbs restrain.
Destruction has perform'd his part,
 And Death proclaim'd—thy pangs are vain.

Vain though they be, this heart must swell
 With grief that time shall ne'er efface ;
And still with bitter pleasure dwell
 On every virtue, every grace.

For ever lost—I vainly dream'd
 That Heaven my early friend would spare ;
And, darker as the prospect seem'd,
 The more I struggled with despair.

I said—yet a presaging tear
 Unbidden rose, and spoke more true—
“ She still shall live—th' unfolding year
 Shall banish care, and health renew.

“ She yet shall tread the flowery field,
 And catch the opening rose's breath :
To watchful love disease shall yield,
 And friendship ward the shaft of death.”

Alas, before the violet bloom'd—
 Before the snows of winter fled,

Too certain fate my hopes consumed,
For she was number'd with the dead.

She died—deserving to be mourn'd,
While parted worth a pang can give.
She died—by Heaven's best gifts adorn'd,
While folly, falsehood, baseness, live.

Long in their baseness live secure
The noxious weed, and wounding thorn ;
While, snatch'd by violence ere mature,
The lily from her stem is torn.

Yet who shall blame the heart that feels
When Heaven resumes the good it gave ?
Yet who shall scorn the tear that falls
From Friendship's eye, at Virtue's grave ?

Friend, parent, sister—tenderest names !
May I, as, pale at Memory's shrine,
Ye pour the tribute anguish claims,
Approach unblamed, and mingle mine.

Long on the joys of vanish'd years
The glance of sadness shall ye cast ;
Long, long th' emphatic speech of tears
Shall mourn thy bloom for ever past.

And thou, who from the orient day
Return'st, with hope's gay dreams elate,
Falsely secure and vainly gay,
Unconscious of the stroke of fate,—

What waits thee? Not the approving smile
Of faithful love that chases care—
Not the fond glance, o'er-paying toil,
But cold and comfortless despair.

Despair!—I see the phantom rove
On Cail's green banks, no longer bright,
And fiercely grasp the torch of love,
And plunge it in sepulchral night.

Farewell, sweet maiden; at thy tomb
My silent footstep oft shall stray;
More dear to me its hallow'd gloom,
Than life's broad glare, and fortune's day.

And oft, as Fancy paints thy bier,
And mournful eyes thy lowly bed,
The secret sigh shall rise, the tear
That shuns observance shall be shed.

Nor shall the thoughts of thee depart,
Nor shall my soul regret resign,
Till memory perish, till this heart
Be cold and motionless as thine.

SABBATH EVENING.

Edmonston.

Is there a time when moments flow
More lovelily than all beside ?
It is, of all the times below,
A sabbath eve in summer tide.

O ! then the setting sun smiles fair ;
And all below, and all above,
The diff'rent forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

Delightful scene ! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear ;
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly sure as this

May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour ! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign ;
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last the day,
A sun that never sets shall rise ;
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,
The heavenly sabbath never dies !

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

Bernard Barton.

WHEN first thy opening eyes receive
The glorious light of day,
Give thy awakening spirit leave
To be as blest as they.

Our outward organs well may teach
Its duty to the soul ;
And thoughts ascend, that need not speech,
Unto their heavenly goal.

For hearts, whose love to God is true,
Should open with the day :
As flowers impearl'd with morning dew
Their tenderest tints display.

Give God thy waking thoughts, that He,
Throughout the day, may keep
Thy spirit company, and be
Its guardian while asleep.

Yet sleep not when the sun has risen,
For prayer with day should rise ;
And holiest thoughts, set free from prison,
Should soar above the skies.

There are appointed hours between
Our souls and love divine ;
Nothing of earth should intervene
To mar their blest design.

The manna's heavenly charm was gone
With morning's stainless dews ;
And flowers on which the sun has shone
Their sweetest perfume lose !

Then let not needless slumber glut
Morn's glories by its sin ;

When this world's gates are closest shut,
Heaven's open :—enter in !

Walk out beneath the roseate skies,
Eye, ear, and heart awake ;
List to the melodies that rise
From tree, from bush, and brake.

Each fluttering leaf, each murmuring spring
The great I AM doth own ;
To HIM the soaring sky-larks sing
In music's sweetest tone.

Can'st *thou* not sing ? O ! leave thy cares
And follies ; go thy way !
And morning's praises, morning's prayers,
Go with thee through the day !

Serve God before the world below ;
Nor suffer, unimplored,
That blessing from thy path to go,
He only can afford.

This done, to HIM resign thy will,
Who never will forsake
Those who, like Jacob, wrestle still,
As day begins to break.

Weep for thy sins,—to Him apply
Who can those sins forgive ;
But know that self and pride must die
Before thy soul can live.

Mornings are emblems, shadowing forth,
Unto the spirit's eye,
Man's resurrection, and the birth
Of hopes that cannot die.

The glorious star which speaks them near,
Like that of Bethlehem,
Is life and light !—its rise more dear
Than crown or diadem.

But when the morning's prime is past,
And worldly cares are rife,
May thy soul's harmony outlast
The daily din of life !

Keep well thy temper ;—mingle not
With aught that thou shalt find,
Which may its lingering brightness blot,
Or chase it from thy mind.

Despatch whatever must be done ;
Life hath a load to bear,

Which *may be borne* ; a path to run,
Beset with many a care.

Keep such *without* ; and let thy *heart*
Be still thy God's alone ;
And He, thy spirit's better part,
Shall bless thee as his own.

THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

Babington.

God, who doth all nature hold
In his fold,
Is my Shepherd kind and heedful ;
Is my Shepherd, and doth keep
Me, his sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.

He feeds me in fields, which been
Fresh and green,
Mottled with spring's flowery painting ;
Through which creep, with murmuring crooks,
Crystal brooks,
To refresh my spirit fainting.

When my soul from heaven's way
Went astray,
With earth's vanities seduced,
For his name's sake kindly He,
Wandering me
To his holy fold reduced.

HUMILITY.

Montgomery.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest :
—In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently-open'd heart
Was made for God's own temple meet;
—Fairest and best-adorn'd is she,
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends ;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most when most his soul ascends ;
—Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

DAVID.

Christopher Sharp.

He sang of God, the mighty source
Of all things,—that stupendous force,
On which all strength depends ;
From whose bright arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill ;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss ;
And wisdom hides her skill.

THE ADVENT.

Campbell.

WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion-hill ;
When Bethl'hem's shepherds through the night,
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry-light :—

Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky ;
Heav'n bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;
High heav'n with songs of triumph rung
While thus they struck their harps and sung :—

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn !
Behold, she binds with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair !

He comes ! to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart :
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bow'rs of Eden bloom !

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

MY GRAVE !

FAR from the city's ceaseless hum,
Hither let my relics come :
Lowly and lonely be my grave,
Fast by this streamlet's oozing wave,
Still to the gentle angler dear,
And heaven's fair face reflecting clear !

No rank luxuriance from the dead
Draw the green turf above my head :
But cowslips, here and there, be found,
Sweet natives of the hallow'd ground,
Diffusing nature's incense round !
Kindly sloping to the sun
When his course is nearly run,
Let it catch his farewell beams,
Brief and pale, as best beseems ;
But let the melancholy yew
(Still to the cemetery true)
Defend it from his noon-day ray,
Debarring visitant so gay :
And when the robin's boding song
Is hush'd the darkling boughs among,
There may the Spirit of the Wind
A heaven-rear'd tabernacle find,
To warble wild a vesper hymn,
To soothe my shade, at twilight dim !
Seldom let feet of man be there,
Save bending towards the house of prayer ;
Few human sounds disturb the calm,
Save words of grace, and solemn psalm !
Yet, would I not my humble tomb
Should wear an uninviting gloom,
As if there seem'd to hover near,
In fancy's ken, a thing of fear :

And, view'd with superstitious awe,
Be duly shunn'd, and scarcely draw
The sidelong glance of passer-by,
As haunt of sprite with blasting eye !
Or noted be by some sad token
Bearing a name in whispers spoken !
No ! let some thoughtful schoolboy stray
Far from his giddy mates at play,
My secret place of rest explore,
There pore on page of classic lore :
Thither let hoary men of age
Perform a pensive pilgrimage,
And think, as o'er my turf they bend,
It woos them to their welcome end :
And let the woe-worn wand'ring one,
Blind to the rays of reason's sun,
Thither his weary way incline,
There catch a gleam of light divine :
But, chiefly, let the friend sincere
There drop a tributary tear ;
There pause in musing mood, and all
The bygone hours of bliss recall,
Delightful hours ! too fleetly flown !
By the *heart's* pulses only known !

EVERY DAY'S EMPLOY.

I HAVE found peace in the bright earth,
And in the sunny sky :
By the low voice of summer seas,
And where streams murmur by.

I find it in the quiet tone
Of voices that I love :
By the flickering of a twilight fire,
And in a leafless grove.

I find it in the silent flow
Of solitary thought :
In calm, half-meditated dreams,
And reasonings self-taught.

But seldom have I found such peace
As in the soul's deep joy
Of passing onward free from harm
Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek, we only tire,
And lift our hopes too high ;
The constant flowers that line our way
Alone can satisfy.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

Byron.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of his spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green.
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath
 blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
 blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever
 grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But thro' it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

EVENING TIME.

Montgomery.

“ At evening time let there be light ;”
Life’s little day draws near its close ;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave’s repose :
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time let there be light :
Stormy and dark hath been my day ;
Yet rose the morn divinely bright,
Dews, birds, and blossoms, cheer’d the way :
O, for one sweet, one parting ray !
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time there shall be light ;
 For God hath spoken ; it must be :
 Fear, doubt, and anguish, take their flight,
 His glory now is risen on me ;
 Mine eyes shall his salvation see :
 ———'Tis evening time, and there is light.

DEATH.

William Brummond.

LET us, each day, inure ourselves to die,
 If this, and not our fears, be truly death,
 Above the circles both of hope and faith
 With fair, immortal pinions to fly ;
 If this be death, our best part to untie
 By ruining the gaol, from lust and wrath,
 And every drowsy langour here beneath,
 To be made deniz'd citizen of sky ;
 To have more knowledge than all books contain,
 All pleasures even surmounting wishing power,
 The fellowship of God's immortal train,
 And these that time nor force shall e'er devour :
 If this be death, what joy, what golden care
Of life, can with death's ugliness compare ?

PRAISE FOR THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

Comper.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
The flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming Love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then I a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

IN BEREAVEMENT.

James Montgomery.

LIFT up thine eyes, afflicted soul !
From earth uplift thine eyes,
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And daylight beauty dies ;
One sun is set—a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,

Where science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.

Thus, when some long-loved comfort ends,
And nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends,
And meets ten thousand there ;
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars that seem but points of light
The rank of suns assume.

THE MOUNTAIN SANCTUARY.

• **Bedder.**

BLEAK was the winter Sabbath morn,
And dreary was the sky,
When the persecuted left their caves,
To worship the Most High.
An unfrequented mountain-gorge
Received the trembling flock ;
Their canopy was mist and clouds—
Their altar was the rock.

The eagle o'er their sanctuary
Majestically soar'd,
And scream'd discordant, while the crowd
Most rev'rently adored.

The chilling wind moan'd fitfully
Through groves of stunted pine ;
And the torrents rush'd and thunder'd
Through the desolate ravine.

And from that lonely rugged spot
Ascended, rich and rare,
The incense of the contrite heart—
The sacrifice of prayer.
And angels from the heights of heaven
Did look complacent down
On the honour'd heads that soon should wear
The martyr's glorious crown.

And grey-hair'd sires forgot their griefs,
And all their wrongs forgave,
When they heard of Him whose power burst
The barriers of the grave.
And widows, poor and desolate,
And homeless orphans, pray'd
For pardon from the throne on high
On their oppressor's head.

And matrons, haggard, pale, and wan,
With babes upon the breast,

Expell'd from husband, hearth, and home,
Gaunt, destitute, oppress'd,
Exulted in their sufferings,
Nay, smiled at torture—death,
And gazed on the Sun of Righteousness
With the eagle eye of Faith !

And woe-worn groups, in manhood's prime,
By tyranny harass'd,
Whose tatter'd garments, matted hair,
Stream'd on the wintry blast,
Attuned their voices solemnly
To a high and holy theme ;
And the strains of Zion blended with
The roaring of the stream.

The ruthless conqueror may climb
The slippery steep of fame ;
And venal pens, corroding brass,
Immortalize his name.
Unfading wreaths, celestial palms,
And crowns are their reward,
Who brave the tyrant, when the sword
Of persecution's bared.

GOD'S HUSBANDRY.

Flabell.

THOU art the Husbandman, and I
A worthless plot of husbandry,
Whom special love did, ne'ertheless,
Divide from nature's wilderness.

Then did the sunshine of thy face,
And sweet illapses of thy grace,
Like April showers and warming gleams,
Distil their dew, reflect their beams:
My dead affections then were green,
And hopeful buds on all were seen.

That God who made me spring at first,
When I was barren and accurst,
Can much more easily restore
My state to what it was before ;
A word, a smile, on my poor soul
Would make it perfect, sound, and whole.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.*Campbell.*

WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill ;

When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light :

Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then, swift to every startled eye
New streams of glory light the sky ;
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps, and sung :—

“ O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of Nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair !

He comes ! to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart ;
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom !

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of Nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

SPEED THE PROW.

Montgomery.

Not the ship that swiftest saileth,
But which longest holds her way
Onward, onward, never faileth,
Storm and calm, to win the day ;
Earliest she the haven gains,
Which the hardest stress sustains.

O'er life's ocean, wide and pathless,
Thus would I with patience steer ;
No vain hope of journeying scathless,
No proud boast to face down fear ;

Dark or bright his Providence,
Trust in God be my defence.

Time there was,—'tis so no longer,—
When I crowded every sail,
Battled with the waves, and stronger
Grew, as stronger grew the gale ;
But my strength sunk with the wind,
And the sea lay dead behind.

There my bark had founder'd surely,
But a power invisible
Breathed upon me ;—then securely,
Borne along the gradual swell,
Helm, and shrouds, and heart renew'd,
I my humbler course pursued.

Now, though evening shadows blacken,
And no star comes through the gloom,
On I move, nor will I slacken
Sail, though verging tow'rds the tomb :
Bright beyond,—on heaven's high strand,
Lo, the lighthouse !—land, land, land !

Cloud and sunshine, wind and weather,
Sense and sight are fleeing fast ;
Time and tide must fail together,
Life and death will soon be past ;

But where day's last spark declines,
Glory everlasting shines.

REASON AND RELIGION.

Bryden.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul ; and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here ; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere ;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight ;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man ;
The purpose of to-day,

Woven with pain into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain :
But Passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But Pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his heart we view ;
And, while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail,
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

CHRIST STILLETH THE TEMPEST.

Herman.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bow'd.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But one was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, Be still !

And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
Pass'd through the gloomy sky ;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood.—
Oh ! send thy Spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood !

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil,—
So speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say—"Peace, be still."

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

John Erskine Paul.

How hallow'd are the dwellings of the dead !
There all is calm,—the noise of life hath fled.
There is a stillness in the very air,
Which awes the soul, and melts the thoughts to
prayer.

The monumental piles that rise around
In gloomy state, or heap the shapeless ground,—
The broken urn,—the perishable dust,—
The tottering tombstone, and the fallen bust,—

All tell how brief is life's allotted span,
How vain is time,—how frail a thing is man !
Oh ! let the living pause : and as they read
Learn from the records of the silent dead,
That all is fleet and vanishing below,
And where the dead have gone, themselves must
likewise go.

But mark yon new-form'd grave, that lifts its head
Above the thousand hamlets of the dead !
Why weeps the mother there ? 'tis "hallow'd
ground !"

For 'neath the turf that wraps that lowly mound
Is laid the object of her widow'd care,—
The dust of him she loved—her only son—is there!
In childhood's years, oft had she on her breast
Soothed all his cries, and cradled him to rest ;
And she had hoped, while still, with precept bland,
She bade the bud of opening mind expand,
That Heaven, in answer to the widow's prayer,
Would yet in love her last lone comfort spare,
With grateful smiles her kindness to repay,
And bless with filial love the evening of her day.
But from her sight, her joy, her hope hath gone—
For God hath taken, and—God's will be done.
Yet hither oft, where the departed sleep,
The childless widow strays to watch and weep,

And still, at eve's soft hour, she lingers here,
As loth to wander from a spot so dear.
Yes ! when the fire of soul,—the living charm,
That woke to life the dull material form,
To its own native heavens hath burst away,
Still Friendship dotes upon the lifeless clay,
Counts the soil hallow'd where the dead are laid,
And guards their ashes with a holy dread.
But for the mourner is there nought but gloom,
A lone existence, and an early tomb ?
Is there no hope of comfort and of rest,
To calm the tortures of the aching breast ?
Oh say not so ! in life's bleak wilderness
There is a bud whose fragrance soothes distress :—
From life's dark sky there beams a holy ray,
Which gilds the tear it cannot wipe away—
A blessed hope, to cheer the mourner, given
'Mid death and pain,—the hope of life in heaven.
'Tis this bright hope, which, to the heaven-taught
mind,
Ennobles grief, and proves affliction kind,
Breathes o'er the tomb the sanctity of faith,
And flings a lustre through the shades of death.
And see ! this hope, which time can not destroy,
Hath turn'd the weeper's agony to joy ;—
Already freed in thought from earth's controls,
She feels the transport of embracing souls,

And, like morn's dew beneath the solar ray,
Her tears of grief in rapture melt away.
Upwards from earth she points her glist'ning eye
To realms of bliss beyond the azure sky,
Where sever'd hearts, and parted friends at last,
Their toils, and pains, and tears of sorrow past,
With the soft welcomings of souls forgiven,
Salute each other to the joys of Heaven ;—
And the fond mother, when her griefs are o'er,
Clasps the lost babe she loved, to love for evermore.

SONNET.

White.

WHAT art thou, Mighty One ! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the land,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hand
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet.
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead
noon,
Or on the red wings of the fierce monsoon
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind,

In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose ? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood ?
Vain thought ! the confines of His throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless
space.

STANZAS.

"Lord, to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of
eternal life."—*John*, vii. 68.

"Jesus saith, I am the way, the truth, and the life."

John, xiv. 6.

To whom, O Jesus, shall we go
The words of heavenly truth to know ?
Whom shall we follow, whom obey ?
Thou art "the truth, the life, the way."

Thou art "the truth"—thy holy word
Rich stores of wisdom doth afford ;
Knowledge and grace thy doctrines give,
And bid the soul believe and live.

Thou art "the life"—thine be the praise !
Thy pow'ful voice the dead can raise,
The slumbering dust to life restore,
And bid it live, to die no more.

Thou art "the way"—for thou alone
The glorious path to heaven hast shown :
Thee only, Lord, will we obey—
Thou art "the truth, the life, the way."

WISDOM.

Mrs. H. Manz.

AH ! when did Wisdom covet length of days,
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise ?
No ; Wisdom views with an indiff'rent eye
All finite joys, all blessings born to die ;
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an ideal feast,
A spark that upward tends by nature's force,
A stream diverted from its parent source,
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea,
A moment parted from eternity,
A pilgrim panting for a rest to come,
An exile anxious for his native home.

DELIGHT IN THE WORKS OF CREATION.

C. B. Hull.

DEAR is the joy each warm heart knows,
The thrill of mutual love sincere ;
Dear is the happiness that flows
From making others happy here :
Yea, even the consciousness is dear
Of warm existence, though unblest ;
To move upon this sun-lit sphere,
Creation's beauty to attest,
And see almighty *love* in all things manifest.

Who has not joy'd to see the sun,
From ocean burst on wings of light,
While birds, their morning hymn begun,
Would hail the heavens and mountains bright ?
Who has not joy'd, as jewell'd night
Her tent high o'er the world hath spread,
To view the grand, the unbounded sight—
Nor thought, while he the scene survey'd,
How infinite that *Power* which spake, and all was
made ?

Oh ! for the hour, the ecstatic hour,
When winter's raven blasts take wing ;
And rapture's renovating power
Comes bounding in the breath of spring !
When trees are newly blossoming,
When flowers beneath the sun expand,
And songs through all the ether ring—
What heart the impulse can withstand,
Nor inly bless the God who hath such blessings
plann'd ?”

GOD'S PROVIDENCE THE HONEST MAN'S
FORTUNE.

Beaumont.

O MAN, thou image of thy Maker's good,
What canst thou fear when breathed into thy
blood
His Spirit is that built thee ? what dull sense
Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence,
Who made the morning, and who placed the light,
Guide to thy labours ?—who call'd up the night,

And bid her fall upon thee like sweet showers
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers ?
Who gave thee knowledge, who so trusted thee
To let thee grow so near himself, the tree ?
Must he then be mistrusted ?—shall his frame
Discourse with him, why thus and thus I am ?
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all ;
Nay, even thy servants when devotions call :
O canst thou be so stupid, then, so dim,
To seek a saving influence, and lose him ?

HUMANITY AT HOME.

Noting.

I HONOUR and I love the mind,
Whose warm and generous thoughts embrace
The common interests of our kind,
Through time's long track and earth's wide space;
And, like the glorious god of day,
Sheds o'er the world its living ray.

I watch with throbbing heart the zeal,
Whose all-incorporating plan

Can teach a million souls to feel
For all that's man's—for all that's Man ;
And every human title blend
In those of Brother and of Friend.

I've travelled many a country far,
Through Finland's wild, on Afric's strand,—
And there went with me, like a star,
The glory of my native land ;
A star whose light, where'er I trod,
Seem'd blazing with the truths of God.

But sometimes sadness came, and dwelt
Within my heart. 'Twas proud to hear
My country's name, but oh ! I felt
That misery dwelt unheeded there :
That hearts were sad, and eyes were wet,—
Forgotten—how could I forget ?

I would not check the nobly good,
Who, joy diffusing, widely roam ;
But I would whisper, if I could,
Look round, for there are wrongs at home ;
And voices, though but feeble, call
On heaven—on thee—on me—on all !

Dost thou not hear their cry ? to thee,
Who hear'st the lightest plaint of wo

That's borne across the distant sea,
Can their appeal be vain ? O no !
Thou didst but want some tongue to say,
Grief's sons are here, and these are they.

THE TRANSLATION OF ENOCH.

Barton.

THOUGH proudly through the vaulted sky
Was borne Elisha's sire,
And dazzling unto mortal eye
His car and steeds of fire :

To me as glorious seems the change
Accorded to thy worth ;
As instantaneous and as strange
Thy exit from this earth.

Something which makes a deeper thrill
These few brief words unfold,
Than all description's proudest skill
Could of that hour have told.

Fancy's keen eye may trace the course
Elijah held on high :
The car of flame, each fiery horse,
Her visions may supply ;—

But thy transition mocks each dream
Framed by her wildest power,
Nor can her mastery supreme
Conceive thy parting hour.

Were angels, with expanded wings,
As guides and guardians given ?
Or did sweet sounds from seraphs' strings
Waft thee from earth to heaven ?

'Twere vain to ask : we know but this—
Thy path from grief and time
Unto eternity and bliss,
Mysterious and sublime !

With God thou walkedst, and was not ;
And thought and fancy fail
Further than this to paint thy lot,
Or tell thy wond'rous tale.

JESUS SEEN OF ANGELS.

Turner.

BEYOND the glittering, starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

Immortal Angels, bright and fair,
In countless armies shine ;
At his right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

Hail, Prince ! they cry, for ever hail !
Whose unexampled love
Moved thee to quit these glorious robes
And royalties above.

Whilst, here, our gracious Lord vouchsafed
To suffer rude disdain,
They cast their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.

In all his toils and conflicts here,
Their sov'reign they attend ;
And pause—and wonder how at last
This scene of love will end !

When all the powers of hell combined
To fill his cup of wo,
Their wond'ring eyes beheld his tears
In blood and anguish flow.

As on the torturing cross he hung,
And darkness veil'd the sky,
Amazed, they saw that awful sight,—
The Lord of Glory die !

Anon he bursts the gates of death,—
Subdues the tyrant's power,
They saw th' illustrious conqueror rise,
And hail'd the blissful hour !

They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne ;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried,
“The glorious work is done !”

My soul the joyful triumph feels,
And thinks the season long,
Ere she her gracious Saviour see,
And join the rapt'rous song.

THE ANGEL'S REPLY TO THE WOMEN
AT THE SEPULCHRE.

~~Butteridge.~~

Ye humble souls, that fear the Lord,
Chase all your fears away ;
And bow with pleasure down to see,
The place where Jesus lay.

Thus low the Lord of Life was brought—
Such wonders love can do !
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throb'd and bled for you.

A moment give a loose to grief,
Let grateful sorrows rise ;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again ;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

High o'er the angelic band he rears
His once dishonour'd head ;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.

With joy like his shall ev'ry saint
His empty tomb survey :
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

ODE TO PEACE.

Professor Tennant.

DAUGHTER of God ! that sit'st on high,
Amid the dances of the sky,
And guidest with thy gentle sway
The planets on their tuneful way ;
Sweet Peace ! shall ne'er again
The smile of thy most holy face,
From thine ethereal dwelling-place,
Rejoice the wretched, weary race
Of discord-breathing man ?

Too long, O gladness-giving Queen ;
Thy tarrying in heaven has been ;

Too long o'er this fair blooming world
The flag of blood has been unfurl'd,
Polluting God's pure day ;
Whilst, as each maddening people reels,
War onward drives his scythed wheels,
And at his horse's bloody heels
Shriek Murder and Dismay.

Oft have I wept to hear the cry
Of widow wailing bitterly ;
To see the parent's silent tear
For children fallen beneath the spear ;
And I have felt so sore
The sense of human guilt and woe,
That I, in Virtue's passion'd glow,
Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)
The shape of Man I bore !

Then come from thy serene abode,
Thou gladness-giving Child of God !
And cease the world's ensanguined strife,
And reconcile my soul to life ;
For much I long to see,
Ere to the grave I down descend,
Thy hand her blessed branch extend,
And to the world's remotest end
Wave Love and Harmony !

THE WISH OF THE HEAVEN-BORN SPIRIT.

A. Young.

" Having a desire to depart, and be with Christ."

Oh ! this is not my rest,
I long to mount and soar away ;
To gain the mansions of the blest,
And lay me on that gracious breast
Whose love can not decay.

I long to taste the streams
That glad my Father's holy land ;
Oh ! that I could behold its beams,
And join the hallelujah themes
Of that seraphic band.

This distant world is cold
And cheerless to the Christian's eye,
Save when the faithful meet, and hold
Sweet converse of those crowns of gold,
Which they shall wear on high.

Oh ! for those holy hours,
That endless Sabbath-day in heaven ;
When peace, amid its sinless bowers,
And never-fading bloom of flowers,
Shall all to me be given.

Now let my spirit fly
Away, amid yon starry path,
And far beyond the glistening sky
Its flight shall be, to meet on high
The Author of its faith.

I cannot linger here ;
My Saviour ! I shall meet thee soon ;
What now has earth for me so dear
As thine own love ? What clime so clear
As heaven's eternal noon ?

Up to the throne of God,
Ye angels, guide my spirit's flight,
And oh ! in that divine abode,
My beaming eyes shall gaze abroad
Upon its living light.

Away, on wings of love ;
Spread your celestial pinions now,
And let me soar, and sing above,

Where saints in sweet communion rove,
And there with angels bow.

Then shall duration be
The ceaseless measure of my praise ;
And it shall rise alone to thee,
Oh Thou ! to whom we bend the knee,
Creator, Father, Friend to me,
And God of endless days.

CONTRARIETIES IN MAN.

Young.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is Man !
How passing wonder He who made him such !
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes
From different natures marvellously mix'd,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain !
Midway from nothing to the Deity !
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt !
Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine !

Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust :
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
A worm ! a god ! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How Reason reels !
O what a miracle to man is man ;
Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy ! what dread !
Alternately transported and alarm'd !
What can preserve my life, or what destroy !
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

THE BLEST IN HEAVEN.

Giles Fletcher.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady empales their face,
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace,

No fear of death the joy of life devours,
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
No loss, no grief, no change wait on their winged
hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at
pain ;

The infant wonders how he came so old,
The old man how he came so young again ;
Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe ;
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know,
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

For things that pass are past, and in this field
The indeficient spring no winter fears ;
The trees together fruit and blossom yield,
The unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
And crimson rose a scarlet garment wears ;
And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,
Not, as they wont, on baser earth below :
Three rivers here, of milk, and wine, and honey
flow.

THE SEA.

Barton.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious,
Mild, majestic, foaming, free,—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.

Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow ;
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth,—her valleys, and her mountains,
Mortal man's behest obey ;
The unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search, and scorn his sway.

Such art thou—stupendous Ocean !
 But, if overwhelm'd by thee,
 Can we think without emotion
 What must thy CREATOR be ?

THE JUDGMENT.

Milman.

THE Chariot ! the Chariot ! its wheels roll in fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire :
 Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the Heavens with the burthen of Godhead
 are bow'd.

The Glory ! the Glory ! by millions are pour'd,
 The hosts of the Angels to wait on their Lord,
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
 And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

The Trumpet ! the Trumpet ! the dead have all heard :
 Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are
 stirr'd : [the north ,
 From the sea, from the land, from the south and
The vast generations of man are come forth.

The Judgment! the Judgment! the thrones are
all set : [met !

Where the Lamb, and the white-vested elders are
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

Oh Mercy! Oh Mercy! look down from above,
Creator! on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are
driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven.

THE BIBLE.

Sir W. Scott.

WITHIN this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries ;
Happiest they of human race
To whom their God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray ;
To lift the latch, to force the way ;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

THE BIBLE.

Bolton.

THIS book, this holy book, on every line
Mark'd with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedew'd with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamp'd,
From first to last, this ray of sacred light,
This lamp from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy brought down, and in the night of Time,
Stands, casting on the dark her gracious bow
And evermore beseeching men with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

TRUE GREATNESS.

Betherington.

'Tis not in all the splendours bright
That wealth can o'er her votaries fling,
It is not in the round of might
That binds the forehead of a king ;

'Tis in the heart, with feeling fraught,
'Tis in the head, with wisdom crown'd,
'Tis in the soul, sublime in thought,
That man's true dignity is found.

There is a lofty, thrilling joy,—
The bounded power of speech it spurns,—
Which lightens in the raptured eye,
And in the swelling bosom burns ;
'Tis that ineffable delight,
When, like the glorious Lord of Day,
The soul, exulting in its might,
Speeds through the realms of thought away ;

When soaring, limitless, afar,
Wide through the universe it strays,
Till not the feeblest twinkling star
On Night's swart brow escapes its gaze :—
When that wild world, the human heart,
Before its glance unveil'd appears,
And at its potent call upstart
Joys, sorrows, passions, hopes, and fears !

When its high magic blends in one
The soul of millions—wields their might—
Hurls tyrant Wrong from his red throne—
Upholds the rule of truth and right—

O'er life's calm vale sheds softly forth
Peace, virtue, charity, and love,
Till mortal lips partake on earth
The fruits divine of heaven above !

But greater far the might that wakes
Those prostrate powers which sin o'erthrew,
When off the soul its thralldom shakes,
Created in the Lord anew !
And higher far its strong wing soars,
In loftier and sublimer flight,
When in rapt trances it adores
The very God of life and light !

Bend thy haught brow, O lordly Pride !
While moves the lowly Christian past ;
Thy well-won laurel wreath aside,
Thou man of many talents, cast !
Great monarch ! lay thy sceptre down,
A greater than thyself is there,
The heir of an immortal crown,—
The heir of God, with Christ joint heir !

To meet life's ills with soul serene,
Treading the path our Saviour trod ;
To live, as seeing things unseen,
To walk and commune with our God ;

This is True Greatness ! Worth divine !
Given by the Spirit and the Word
To man ! Thus grows that living shrine,
Form'd, hallow'd, dwelt in, by THE LORD !

BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

Heber.

I PRAISED the Earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green :
I praised the Sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say,
" Our beauties are but for to-day."

I praised the Sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the Moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky ;
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
" Our days of light are numbered."

O God ! O good beyond compare !
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy beauties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with thee !

NATURE PRAISES GOD.

Barnell.

THE Sun, that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day ;
The Moon, that shines in borrow'd light ;
The Stars, that gild the gloomy night ;

The Seas, that roll with restless waves ;
The Wood, that spreads its shady leaves ;
The Field, whose bosom bears the grain,—
The yellow treasures of the plain ;

The whole of these, and all I see,
Ought to be sung, and sung by me ;
They speak **their MAKER** as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

THE LOST ONE.

Mary Howitt.

We meet around the board—thou art not there ;
Over our household joys hath pass'd a gloom :
Beside the fire we see thy empty chair,
And miss thy sweet voice in the silent room.
What hopeless longings after thee arise !
Even for the touch of thy small hand I pine,
And for the sound of thy dear little feet.
Alas ! tears dim my eyes :
Meeting in every place some joy of thine ;
Or when fair children pass me in the street.

Beauty was on thy cheek, and thou didst seem
A privileged being, charter'd from decay ;
And thy free spirit, like a mountain stream
That hath no ebb, kept on his cheerful way.
Thy laugh was like the inspiring breath of Spring,
That thrills the heart, and cannot be unfelt.
The sun, the moon, the green leaves, and the
And every living thing, [flowers,
Were a strong joy to thee ; thy spirit dwelt
Gladly in life, rejoicing in its powers.

Oh ! what had Death to do with one like thee ?

Thou young and loving one, whose soul did cling
Even as the ivy clings unto the tree,

To those who loved thee ; thou, whose tears
would spring,

Dreading a short day's absence—didst thou go
Alone unto the future world unseen,

Solving each awful untried mystery—

The dread Unknown to know ?

To be where mortal traveller hath not been,

Whence welcome tidings cannot come from thee!

My happy boy ! and murmur I that Death

Over thy young and buoyant frame had power !

In yon bright land love never perisheth,

Hope may not mock, nor grief the heart devour.

The Beautiful are round thee—thou dost keep

Within the Eternal Presence, and no more

May'st death, or pain, or separation dread :

Thy bright eyes cannot weep,

Nor they with whom thou art thy loss deplore ;

For ye are of the living, not the dead.

Thou dweller with th' Unseen, who hast explored

The universe unknown ; thou, to whom death
and heaven

Are mysteries no more ; whose soul is stored

With knowledge for which men have vainly striven.

Beloved child ! Oh ! when shall I lie down
With thee beneath fair trees that cannot fade ?
When from the immortal rivers quench my thirst ?
Life's journey speedeth on ;
Yet, for a little while, we walk in shade—
Anon, 'tis done—death hath the cloud dispersed,
And o'er the hills of heaven the eternal day
has burst.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Thomas Dickson.

WHEN whispers unbelieving Fear,
“ We'll eat our last lean crust, and die,”
'Tis sweet to think that He is near
Who hears the ravens when they cry.

And sweet his promises must be
To parents sinking in the dust :
“ Your helpless offspring leave with me,
And let your widows in me trust.”

When Satan's chains did round us cling,
When all from God astray had gone,
When none a ransom fit could bring,
None for his guilty soul atone,—

Then, blessed be Jehovah's name,
He did himself a Lamb provide ;
From heaven the spotless victim came,
Who suffer'd for us, and who died.

Oh ! let us then confide in heaven,
Repressing each desponding sigh ;
He who his " only Son " hath given,
Will nothing that is good deny.

THE EVENING SUN.

Frist.

'Tis the last sweet smile of the evening sun :
How bright ! how sublime its beaming !
What golden tides of splendour steep
The rosy clouds, as they softly sleep
Beneath its holy gleaming !

'Tis the light of innocent thoughts, whose ray
An infant's slumber blesses ;
When, weary of paying smile for smile,
Its blue eyes close, and it dreams the while
Of the breast it fondly presses.

The breezy spirits of air float past
With calm and noiseless motion ;
Not a zephyr is dimpling the glassy lake—
Even the aspen hath still'd its tremulous shake
At Nature's high devotion.

As I loiter along my homeward path,
What feelings of deep regret
That last sweet smile of the evening sun
Awakes in my heart—for it speaks of one
Whose sun in the grave hath set !

His farewell look, with Christian hope,
Shone as purely, calmly bright !
Alas ! when it vanish'd, the night came down,
And my poor lorn heart no more might own
A Father's guiding light !

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

Cutper.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind Unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His works in vain ;
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

BURIAL OF THE INDIAN GIRL.

Mrs. Sigourney.

[“The only daughter of an Indian woman in Wisconsin territory, died of lingering consumption at the age of eighteen. A few of her own race, and a few of the whites were at her grave ; but none wept save the poor mother.”—*Herald of the Upper Mississippi.*]

A WAIL upon the Prairies,
A cry of woman's woe,
That mingled with the autumn-blast,
All fitfully and low !

It is a mother's wailing !
Hath earth another tone,
Like that with which a mother mourns
Her lost, her only one ?

Pale faces gather round her,
They mark the storm swell high,
That rends and wrecks the tossing soul,
But their cold eyes were dry ;
Pale faces gazed upon her,
As the wild winds caught their moan,
But she was an Indian mother,
So she wept those tears alone.

Long, o'er that wasting idol,
She watch'd, and toil'd, and pray'd :
Though every dreary dawn reveal'd
Some ravage death had made ;
'Till the fleshless sinews started,
And hope no opiate gave,
And hoarse and hollow grew her voice,
An echo from the grave.

She was a gentle creature,
Of raven eye and tress ;
And dove-like were the tones that breathed
Her bosom's tenderness ;

Save when some quick emotion
 The warm blood strongly sent,
 To revel in her olive cheek
 So richly eloquent.

I said consumption smote her,
 And the healer's art was vain ;
 But she was an Indian maiden,
 So none deplored her pain ;
 None, save that widow'd mother,
 Who, now, by her open tomb,
 Is writhing like the smitten wretch
 Whom judgment marks for doom.

Alas ! that lowly cabin,—
 That couch beside the wall,—
 That seat beneath the mantling vine,—
 They're lone and empty all !
 What hand shall pluck the tall green corn
 That ripeneth on the plain,
 Since she for whom the board was spread
 Must ne'er return again ?

Rest, rest, thou Indian maiden !
 Nor let thy murmuring shade
 Grieve that those pale-brow'd ones with scorn
 Thy burial rite survey'd :

There's many a king whose funeral
A black-robed realm shall see,
For whom no tear of grief is shed
Like that which falls for thee.

Yes, rest thee, forest maiden,
Beneath thy native tree !
The proud may boast their little day,
Then sink to dust like thee ;
But there's many a one whose funeral
With nodding plumes may be,
Whom nature nor affection mourns,
As now they mourn for thee !

HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

G. P. R. James.

Slow, slow, mighty Wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Thy course of beneficence done ;
As glorious go down to the ocean's warm breast
As when thy bright race was begun.

For all thou hast done,
Since thy rising, oh ! Sun,
May thou and thy Maker be blest.
Thou hast scattered the night from thy broad golden
way, [day,
Thou hast given us thy light through a long happy
Thou hast roused up the birds, thou hast waken'd
the flowers,
To chant on thy path, and to perfume the hours.
Then slow, mighty Wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again beautiful, blessing, and blest.

Slow, slow, mighty Wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Yet pause but a moment to shed
One warm look of love on the earth's dewy breast,
Ere the starr'd curtain fall round thy bed,
And to promise the time,
• When, awaking sublime,
Thou shalt rush all refresh'd from thy rest,
Warm hopes drop like dews from thy life-giving
hand, [expand ;
Teaching hearts closed in darkness like flowers to
Dreams wake into joys when first touch'd by thy
light,
As glow the dim waves of the sea at thy sight.
Then slow, mighty Wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again beautiful, blessing, and blest.

Slow, slow, mighty Wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Prolonging the sweet evening hour ;
Then robe again soon in the morn's golden vest,
To go forth in thy beauty and power.
Yet pause on thy way,
To the full height of day,
For thy rising and setting are blest.
When thou com'st after darkness, to gladden our
eyes,
Or departest in glory, in glory to rise,
May hope and may prayer still be woke by thy rays,
And thy going be mark'd with thanksgiving and
praise.
Then slow, mighty Wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again beautiful, blessing, and blest.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

R. F. Lytton.

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here ;
Then why should I murmur when trials are near ?
Be hush'd, my dark spirit! the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
And building my hopes in a region like this ;
I look for a city which hands have not piled—
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow—
I would not lie down upon roses below :
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever in Jesus's breast.

Afflictions may damp, they cannot destroy ;
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy ;
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose ;
They only make heaven more sweet at the close ;
Come joy, or come sorrow—whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land ;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smoothe it with hope, and cheer it with song.

SABBATH EVENING.

Edmeston.

ANOTHER day has pass'd along,
And we are nearer to the tomb ;
Nearer to join the heavenly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.

These moments of departing day,
When thought is calm, and labours cease,
Are surely solemn times to pray,
To ask for pardon and for peace.

Thou God of mercy, swift to hear,
More swift than man to tell his need ;
Be THOU to us this evening near,
And to thy fount our spirits lead.

Teach us to pray—and, having taught,
Grant us the blessings that we crave ;
Without thy teaching—prayer is nought,
But with it—powerful to save !

Sweet is the light of sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeam lingering there ;
Those sacred hours this low earth leave,
Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.

This time, how lovely and how still !
Peace shines, and smiles on all below ;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow !

Season of rest ! the tranquil soul
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love ;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

How short the time, how soon the sun
Sets ; and dark night resumes her reign !
And soon the hours of rest are done,
Then morrow brings the world again.

Yet will our journey not be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod ;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

NIGHT.

Montgomery.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife ;
Ah ! visions, less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by day-light are !

Night is the time for toil ;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;
 To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of Memory, where sleep
 The joys of other years ;
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
But died when young like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch ;
 O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
 The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind,
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;
 Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of Despair,
 Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summon'd to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think ;
 When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and, on the utmost brink
 Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away ;
So will his followers do—
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends ;—such death be mine.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Sir W. Scott.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away !—
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?—

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,

And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ?

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

HYMN OF NATURE.

Wm. G. Peabody.

God of the earth's extended plains !
The dark green fields contented lie :
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky :
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lours upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summon'd up their thundering bands ;

Then the white sails are dash'd like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calm'd by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade !
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee ;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !

Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !
Thy name is written, clearly bright,
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Was kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world ! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return ;
Her crumbling altars must decay,
Her incense fires shall cease to burn ;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

Taylor.

COME, my fond, fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free,
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be.
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

Ye tempting sweets, forbear !
Ye dearest idols, fall !
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all :
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But ah ! thou must consent, my heart !

Ye fair enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell !
Earth has prevail'd too long,
And now I break the spell :
Ye cherish'd joys of earthly years—
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

But must I part with all ?

My heart still fondly pleads :

Yes—Dagon's self must fall,

It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.

Is there no balm in Gilead found,

To soothe and heal the smarting wound ?

O yes, there is a balm,

A kind Physician there,

My fever'd mind to calm,

To bid me not despair :

Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,

And I will all resign to thee.

O, may I feel thy worth !

And let no idol dare,

No vanity of earth,

With thee, my Lord, compare !

Now bid all worldly joys depart,

And reign supremely in my heart.

HYMN.

Addison.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare.

And feed me with a shepherd's care ;

His presence shall my wants supply.
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though, in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the vale of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

Edmeston.

Music of the bough that waves
As the wind plays lightly o'er ;
Music of the stream that laves
Pebbly marge or rocky shore ;
Sweet your melody to me,
Singing to the soul—the tone
Exceeds by far the minstrelsy
Of halls wherein bright harpers shone ;
For ye attune His praise, who made
The wond'rous, perfect frame we view,
Each hill, and plain, and leafy shade,
And yon fair canopy of blue :
Ye seem to sing,—“ How great the arm
Of that high God who reins above ;
Him worship ! but without alarm ;
His dearest, best-known name is Love.”

RESIGNATION.

Chatterton.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky ;
Whose eye this atom globe surveys ;
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill,—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,
Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain ?

Why, drooping, seek the dark recess ?

Shake off the melancholy chain,

For God created all to bless.

But ah ! my breast is human still ;

The rising sigh, the falling tear,

My languid vitals' feeble rill,

The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,

I'll thank th' inflictor of the blow ;

Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,

Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,

Which on my sinking spirit steals,

Will vanish at the morning light,

Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Jane C. Simpson.

Now glancing in sunlight with flowers and with
Thy bark of existence is sweeping along ; [song,

Not a wave on the sea—not a cloud in the air—
All is music and mirth ; yet beware, oh beware !

Now the world is a garden of rapture to thee,
Where blossoms and fruits cluster thick on each
tree ;

And still as thy hands gather fast the bright store,
Scarce tasted, they fall ere thou reachest for more !

Yes, earth is thy Eden, and thou art its Eve,
And its varied delights thou would'st wish ne'er
to leave ;

By its groves, and its streams, so surpassingly
fair,

Thou for ever could'st range,—yet beware, oh be-
ware !

The sky may be radiant, and tranquil the tide,
While the storm is at hand, hath despair by its
side ;

The flowers may be fragrant, and lovely the fruit,
With the canker conceal'd at the core and the
root.

This life may be sweet, but to prize it so dear
That the loss of its pleasures is all that we fear,—
No hopes and no treasures more precious to deem—
Ah ! this is a false and a dangerous dream !

Oh ! remember, my friend, though the earth may
be bright,

Time drives on its years with untameable flight !
And the deeper its spell round the spirit is cast,
The darker the struggle to leave it at last.

Remember that God hath reveal'd, of his love,
That there is but one heaven—his temple above ;
And this is the bliss at which mortals should aim,
To walk in his presence, and honour his name.

Alas ! that so many, and thou with the rest,
Shouldst dream in this world to be perfectly blest ;
With ~~neverone thought of~~ His goodness and power,
Whose hand gives the sunshine, and sends down
the shower !

Oh ! pause but an hour in thy careless career,
And let Wisdom but once breathe her words in
thine ear ; [light,
Let Religion but show thee one glimpse of her
And the joys that now charm thee will fade into
night.

Let the Spirit Divine shed his beams on thy mind,
And scatter the shadows thy vision that blind ;
Let God be reveal'd in his justice and truth,
And thy soul as a fountain polluted from youth :

In amaze, as if waked to new life, thou wilt start,
For all things will seem changed to thy fast changing heart ;

And Solitude then with delight will be sought,
As the handmaid of Knowledge, the sister of Thought !

Then the laws thou hast broken, most holy and wise,

In the mirror of conscience against thee will rise ;
And doubts may assail thee of vengeance and doom
Laid in wait to o'erwhelm thee when pass'd through the tomb !

But just in that moment, when full in thy sight
Thy sin and God's justice stand awfully bright,
And in fear and despondence thou gazest around,
Unknowing whence pardon and peace may be found ;

Oh ! then, let His mercy who died in our stead,
And bore all the curse of our guilt on his head,
The Holy, the Just One, rush clear on thy mind,
Till there lurk not a shadow of doubting behind.

Thou wilt feel all the depths of thy spirit to move,
As thou ponderest the weight of thy Saviour's love,
Thy heart will be melted, thy tears will flow free,
And the dew of repentance fall gently on thee !

Oh happiest moment of all thou hast past !
When thy soul to earth's vanity wakens at last !
And thou feel'st that its pleasures and aims are
but dust,
When heaven is thy home, and Jehovah thy trust!

A DROP OF DEW.

Andrew Marshall.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itself encloses ;
And in its little globe's extent
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies !
But, gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.

Restless it rolls, and insecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure ;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
 Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green ;
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.
 In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away !
So the world excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the day :
Dark beneath, but bright above ;
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go ;
 How girt and ready to ascend :
Moving but on a point below,
 It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congeal'd and chill ;
Congeal'd on earth ; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of th' Almighty Sun.

PAGAN DARKNESS.

Cutterill.

O'er the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of Pity gaze ;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewild'ring maze :
Darkness brooding on the face of all the earth.

Light of them who sit in error,
Rise and shine ; thy blessings bring :
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing :
To thy brightness let all kings and nations come.

Let the heathen, now adoring
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before Thee,
Serve the living God alone :
Let thy glory fill the earth, as floods the sea.

Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word ; at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land :
Lord, be with them always, till time's latest end.

ADORING GRATITUDE.

Oh ! sweet employment, sweet indeed
To hearts attuned and strung by heaven,
To pay to God the grateful meed,
For hope inspired, and sin forgiven !

Father ! we thank thee !—babes in mind,
We hang upon thy smile alone ;
No joy, apart from Thee, we find,
No care or grief before thy throne !

When wondering Reason takes her flight,
Thy mighty universe to scan,
Sees worlds on worlds, 'mid fields of light,
Then backward looks—Lord ! what is man ?

But what art thou ?—Transcendant Love,
Beyond the flight of thought or speech !
Soaring a seraph's wing above,
Yet stooping to an infant's reach !

THE GOOD EXPLORE.

Byron.

———The good explore
For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar,
The proud, the wayward—who have fixed below
Their joy, and find this world enough for woe,
Lose in that one their all,—perchance, a mite,
But who with patience parts with all delight?

* * * *

Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern,
Hide hearts where grief has little left to learn;
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

ON THE DESOLATION OF ISRAEL.

Byron.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;

Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell ;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless
dwell !

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet ?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet ?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice ?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest ?
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave !

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL TO
ENGLAND.

Hartley.

I LEAVE my fond, my native home ;
O land so greatly famed, farewell !
'Tis mine through distant climes to roam,
With pensive Solitude to dwell :
Whate'er I loved of England most,
Will vanish with that shadowy coast !

Oft mid your haste, ye boyish days,
My island country fired my eye ;
Thrill'd through my soul Britannia's praise,
I loved not other land nor sky :
Ah ! whither are those moments fled ?
They sleep in silence with the dead.

Hail to the Providence whose hand,
With lavish gifts, my country crown'd !
The birth-right of a better land,
In heaven's high realm, in thee I found ;
With Him to know, who sufferings bare
For man so lost, can aught compare ?

Knowledge divine ! ere while esteem'd
Surpassing far the classic lore ;
All else but loss Apostles deem'd,
And glad the martyr's sufferings bore.
Blest island ! highest joys be thine,
In which I call'd such knowledge mine.

Go, said the Lord ; pardon and peace
Proclaim to all the world around ;
To captives tell of glad release,
Of opening prison to the bound ;
Lo ! 'mid the waste of rolling years,
A day acceptable appears !

I go, O Lord, to bear thy love
Where Arab hearts all joyless beat ;
As Attic plains I wondering rove,
I'll pause, and "Calvary" repeat :
Slave, hear of freedom ! highest heaven
Messiah's love has freely given.

O may that love of Christ, who died,
Kindle this heart, my life constrain ;
To me the world be crucified,
Nought earthly in my breast remain !
Thou living Spirit ! ardour give,
For Christ to die, for Christ to live !

Thy might my own, I know no fear,—
Ye winds, ye waves, your power I brave ;
Where'er I go, my God is near,
By land or sea alike to save ;
Jehovah's love and power control
The winds that roar, the waves that roll.

And should the sun, that rides on high,
Dart fiery radiance on my head,
When, spent, by Tadmor's wall I lie,
Or Afric's scorching desert tread,—
The sun that glows, those burning sands,
They burn and glow as God commands.

Whether I tread the sacred soil,
Which strews thy summit, Zion's hill !
Or up the steep of Sinai toil,
Or wander lone by Kedron's rill,
And where the vengeful angel's rod
Marks Stamboul's towers,—I'll walk with God !

With thoughts like these I part serene :
Friends, loved, though wandering far, adieu !
And should we, 'mid life's changeful scene,
Where England smiles, ne'er meet anew,
Ah, when the archangel's voice shall rend the skies,
What bliss to meet ! what bliss in Paradise !

A PERSIAN PRECEPT AND ILLUSTRATION.

Greenwood.

FORGIVE thy foes :—nor that alone,
Their evil deeds with good repay :
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So doë the fragrant Sandal bow
In meek forgiveness to its doom,
And o'er the axe at every blow
Sheds, in abundance, rich perfume.

REDEMPTION OF MANKIND.

Milton.

MAN with his whole posterity must die,
Die he or Justice must ; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heavenly powers, where shall we find such love?
Which of you will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save ?
Dwells in all heaven Charity so dear ?

He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in heaven : on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd ;
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now, without redemption, all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell

By doom severe, had not the Son of God.
In whom the fulness dwells of Love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd :

Father! thy word is pass'd, Man shall find grace ;
And shall Grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all,
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought ?
Happy for Man, so coming ; he her aid
Can never seek ; once dead in sins and lost,
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring :
Behold me then ; me for him, life for life
I offer ; on me let thine anger fall ;
Accept me Man ; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleased ; on me let Death wreak all his rage ;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd ; thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever ; by thee I live,
Though now to death I yield, and am his due,
All that of me can die : yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave,
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell ;

But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil ;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and
stoop

Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air, in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound.—Thou at the sight
Pleased out of heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee raised I ruin all my foes ;
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave :
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter heaven—long absent, and return,
Father ! to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconciliation ; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but, in thy presence, joy entire,

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky ;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that tost my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When, suddenly, a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem !

THANKFUL USE OF PRESENT BLESSINGS.

Wither.

THE voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key ;
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day ;
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard, or seen ;
But what I once enjoyed in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus ;
So little hold of them have we,
That we from they, or they from us,
May in a moment ravished be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise,
If present mercies we despise ;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

WHERE IS GOD.

Shubert.

WHERE is He ?—Ask his emblem,
The glorious, glorious sun,
Who glads the round world with his beams
Ere his day's long course is run.
Where is He ?—Ask the stars that keep
Their nightly watch on high.
Where is He ?—Ask the pearly dew,
The tear-drops of the sky.

Where is He ?—Ask the secret founts
That feed the boundless deep ;
The dire simoom, or the soft night breeze
That lulls the earth to sleep.
Where is He ?—Ask the storm of fire
That bursts from Ætna's womb ;
And ask the glowing lava flood
That makes the land a tomb.

Where is He ?—Ask the Maelstroom's whirl,
Shivering tall pines like glass ;
Ask the giant oak, the graceful flower,
Or the simplest blade of grass.
Where is He ?—Ask behemoth,
Who drinketh waters dry ;
The ocean-king, leviathan,
Or the scarce-seen atom-fly.

Where is He ?—Ask the awful calm
On mountain-tops that rests ;
And the bounding, thund'ring avalanche
Rent from their rugged crests.
Ask the wide-wasting hurricane,
Careering in its might ;
The thunder-crash, the lightning-blaze,
Earth all convulsed with fright.

Where is He ?—Ask the crystal isles
On arctic seas that sail ;
Or ask, from lands of balm and spice,
The perfume-breathing gale,
Where in the universe is found
That presence-favoured spot ;
All, all, proclaim His dwelling-place,
But say—Where is He not ?

ON FLATTERERS.

Catoptr.

No mischiefs, worthier of our fear,
In nature can be found,
Than friendship in ostent sincere,
But hollow and unsound.

For, lull'd into a dangerous dream,
We close enfold a foe,
Who strikes, when most secure we seem,
The inevitable blow.

THE HEAVENLY VISION.

Parkes.

SWEET was the dream that cheer'd me yesternight,
I thought an arm of strength was placed near mine,
Form'd with a symmetry that seem'd divine,
Yet lifeless, and as pallid to the sight
As clay-cold corse : the hand was open quite,

And I perceived within its hollow palm
A wound that testified some deadly harm
Had happ'd its owner.—Soon, to my delight,
The fingers, moving, grasp'd my arm around,
And gently drew me upward from the ground ;
And as I rose, how heavenly was the joy
That did my visionary thought employ,—
For soon I found, and blessed be the sign,
It was a Saviour's hand that grappled mine.

GOD SOUGHT IN ADVERSITY.

C. M. A. HAND.

WHEN fortune frowns, and honours fade,
And all our earthly hope's decay'd ;
When disappointment's deadly blast
Hath nipp'd the joys we thought would last,
How sweet to find there is above
A Being who is full of love !

When foes in arms are gather'd round,
And nought is heard, save strife's dire sound,—
Strife, which, when fortune smiled, we thought
Never to know should be our lot ;

Still, still, we know there is, above,
A Being who is full of love !

When friends whom once we loved most true,
And who profess'd to love us too,
In sorrow's hour are kind no more,
This is the pang of all most sore ;
Oh ! then to have as Friend above
That Being who is full of love !

When, banish'd from our native home,
All friendless o'er the world we roam,
Our prospects blighted in the bloom,
And all this side the grave is gloom :
Then would we wing our flight above
To that One Being full of love !

TO A DYING FRIEND.

Miss Jewsbury.

Go to thy glorious home, I would not stay thee,
Go to the land where only pleasures flow ; [thee,
Might sorrowing love and human prayers detain
Friend of my spirit—I would bid thee go.

Go to thy glorious home, I would not stay thee,
 Fade on, fade on, as sweet day yields to night ;
And if the darkness for a while array thee,
 'Tis but to clothe thee in a day more bright.

Yet blame not that my heart is wildly heaving,
 Triumph and joy are in my tears for thee,
And if there mingle with them tears of grieving,
 How should the living from life's pangs be free ?

Light love may fade, and youthful zeal may perish,
 As rainbows vanish, and as leaves decay ;
But mine, born in the soul, my soul will cherish,
 Flee as thou wilt beyond my reach away.

And thou art going—not as spring-flowers wither
 Soon to return—when may I look for thee ?
Going so far—sight may not track thee thither,
 Nor strong wings follow where thy flight will be.

To the bright stars in lofty myriads burning,
 To the calm clouds piled in the summer air,
Oft shall I look with love's fond helpless yearning,
 But none will tell me if thy home be there.

The haunts that knew thee, glade, and hearth, and
 bower,

They will be silent when I bid them speak :
And living friends, question'd till life's last hour,
They will but tell me—"Gone is she you seek!"

Yet go, yet go, e'en though I know not whither,
Save that where God is, will thy dwelling be,
Oft shall I *feel* thy spirit say—"Come hither!"
Oft will mine answer—"Soon I come to thee!"

GOD IS LIGHT.

Binneg.

ETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!
How pure that soul must be,
When, placed within thy searching sight,
It shrinks not; but with calm delight,
Can live and look on Thee.

The spirits that surround thy throne
May bear the burning bliss!
But that is surely theirs alone,
For they have never—never known
A fallen world like this!

O! how can I, whose native sphere
Is dark—whose mind is dim,
Before th' Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,—
An Offering, and a Sacrifice—
A Holy Spirit's energies—
An Advocate with God.

These, these, prepare man for the sight
Of Majesty above ;
The sons of ignorance and night
Can stand in th' " Eternal light,"
Through the Eternal love.

THE STAR OF THE MORNING.

Anonymous.

STAR of the morn, whose placid ray
Beam'd mildly o'er yon sacred hill,
While whispering zephyrs seem'd to say,
As silence slept and earth was still,
Hail, harbinger of gospel light !
Dispel the shades of nature's night !

I saw thee rise on Salem's towers,
I saw thee shine on gospel lands,
And Gabriel summon'd all his powers,
And waked to ecstasy his bands ;
Sweet cherubs hail'd thy rising ray,
And sang the dawn of gospel day !

Shine, lovely star ! on ev'ry clime,
For bright thy peerless beauties be ;
Gild with thy beam the wing of time,
And shed thy rays from sea to sea !
Then shall the world from darkness rise,
Millennial glories cheer our eyes !

THE PIOUS MAN A BLESSING TO THE
WORLD.

Comper.

PERHAPS the self-approving, haughty world,
That, as she sweeps him with her whistling silks,
Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours

Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at even-tide,
And think on her who thinks not for herself.

MORNING.

Rev. J. Keble.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell ;—

Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And, brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing ;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven ;—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight ;
Who, day by day, to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake ?

Oh ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see :

Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O ! could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !

We need not bid for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask :
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go :—
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

THE RAINBOW.

Campbell.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dream'd of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

THE CAST-AWAY.

Comper.

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roar'd,
When one who little thought to die,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went ;
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent :
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

For long beneath the 'whelming brine,
Expert to swim he lay ;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away ;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted ;—nor his friends had failed,
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford :
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow :
But he, (they knew) nor ship, nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware, that flight in such a sea
Alone could rescue them ;
Yet bitter felt it still to die,
Deserted, and his friends so nigh !

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean self-upheld ;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repell'd :
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help—or cried, Adieu !

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before,
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more ;
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave—and then he sank !

No poet wept him : but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear ;
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead !

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date ;
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone ;
When snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone :
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he !

WILD FLOWERS.

A. Mitchell.

BEAUTIFUL children of the woods and fields !
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the
heather,
Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels, gather—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on thro' summer weather—
I love ye all !

Beautiful flowers ! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashion'd all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall ;
And I can image ye, as in a dream,
Fair modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small—
I love ye all !

Beautiful gems ! that on the brow of earth
Are fix'd, as in a queenly diadem ;
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light e'erwhile into the world came—
I love ye all !

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow !
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes,
Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow ;
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes,
I love ye all !

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew !
Fann'd, in your loveliness, by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees :
I often wish that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—
I love ye all !

Beautiful watchers ! day and night ye wake !
The Evening Star grows dim and fades away,
And Morning comes and goes, and then the Day
Within the arms of Night its rest doth take ;
But ye are watchful, wheresoe'er we stray—
I love ye all !

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love !
The wild bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move ;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—
I love ye all !

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the muirland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side !
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell ;
And, though the worldling, scorning, may deride,
I love ye all !

ON MAN'S TWO ENEMIES.

Francis Quarles.

Two potent enemies attend on man,
One's fat and plump, the other lean and wan ;

The one fawns and smiles, the other weeps as fast;
The first Presumption is, Despair the last.
That feeds upon the bounty of full treasure,
Brings jolly news of peace, and lasting pleasure;
This feeds on want, unapt to entertain,
God's blessings find them ever on the wane.
Their maxims disagree, but their conclusion
Is the self-same, both jump in man's confusion.
Lord, keep me from the first, or else I shall
Soar up, and melt my waxen wings, and fall;
Lord, keep the second from me, lest I then
Sink down so low, I never rise again:
Teach me to know myself, and what I am,
And my presumption will be turned to shame:
Give me true faith to know thy dying Son,
What ground has then despair to work upon?
To avoid my shipwreck upon either shelf,
O teach me, Lord, to know my God—myself.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

Anonymous.

LAND where the bones of our Fathers are sleeping!
Land where our dear ones and fond ones are weeping!

WHAT IS TIME.

Marsden.

I ASK'D an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs ;
"Time is the *warp* of life," he said, "O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well !"

I ask'd the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled ;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd,
"Time sow'd the *seeds* we reap in this abode !"

I ask'd a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's "golden bowl had broke ;"
I ask'd him, What is time ? "Time," he replied,
"I've lost it, Ah, the *treasure* !" and he died !

I ask'd the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years ;
They answer'd, "Time is but a *meteor's* glare,"
And bade me for Eternity prepare.

I ask'd the seasons, in their annual round
Which beautify, or desolate the ground :
And they replied (no oracle more wise,)
“ 'Tis folly's blank, and wisdom's highest prize ! ”

I ask'd a spirit lost, but, O the shriek
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak !
It cried, “ A particle ! a speck ! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite ! ”

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply,
“ Time is the season fair of living well,—
The path to Glory, or the path to Hell.”

I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,
“ Thine is the present hour, the past is fled ;
Live ! live to-day ! *to-morrow* never yet,
On any human being rose or set ! ”

I ask'd old father Time himself at last ;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past ;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I ask'd the mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land ;

“ By heaven’s great King, I swear the mystery’s
o’er! [more!”

Time *was*,” he cried,—“ but Time shall be no

THE EVENING STAR.

STAR of the evening! how I love to mark
Thy beam thus gleaming, tremulously bright,
Upon the ocean wave! How brightly dark
Shines thy lone ray, thou herald of the night.

Thou lovely star! I’ve sometimes gazed at thee
Till I have almost wept, I knew not why;
Tell me, my heart, what can that feeling be
Which makes thee at those moments throb so
high?

It is a *joy* where *sadness* hath a part,
A melancholy, worth whole days of mirth;
The eye in tears, indeed, but with a heart
Which bounds as if ’twould break the bonds of
earth.

Thou lovely star ! methinks thy herald ray
Speaketh of rest beyond our hour of time ;
And seemeth to invite the soul away
To seek for refuge in a happier clime.

STANZAS.

Anonymous.

SUMMER may spread her choicest flowers,
And zephyrs waft their fragrance round,
And smiling skies and pleasant bowers
With the gay song of birds resound ;
Yet will not these a charm impart,
If peace be banish'd from the heart.

Winter may bid his tempests rise,
And change the earth's fair robe of green ;
And leafless bowers, and frowning skies
Present a sad and dreary scene :
Yet will the heart bright verdure wear
If peace have fix'd its dwelling there.

But summer's glow, or winter's gloom,
Or the dark midnight of the tomb,

Nor one, nor all of these can move
The soul engross'd by heavenly love :
Peace from the man shall ne'er depart,
Who yields to God a perfect heart.

LAYING HOLD OF CHRIST.

Grant.

WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean who not in vain
Experienced ev'ry human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

When aught shall tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To shun the precept's holy light,
Or quit my hold on Jesu's might,
May He who felt temptation's power,
Still guard me in that dangerous hour.

And oh ! when I have safely pass'd
Through ev'ry conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

SONNET.

I SAW a happy Bride within a home
Of wedded bliss ; she smiled on one who loved
Her gentleness in manhood's opening bloom,
Whose heart for her its earliest passion proved,—
And she was bless'd.—The heaven that shone so
bright,
Shone not so brightly as those soft dark eyes,
Nor shed on all around a tenderer light.
Her passing griefs were breathed in happy sighs,
For he was near to soothe her slightest pain,
And give to woe the semblance of a joy.
A few short years, I pass'd that home again,
'Twas desolate, a father led his boy
To a lone grave—and mourn'd in deep despair
For the once happy Bride, who slumber'd there.

. PRAYER.

Edmeston.

ENTHRONED amidst the world of light,
Jehovah rules the realms of bliss ;
Yet bends to scenes of earthly night,
To such a house of pain as this !
The glories of the heavenly plains
Hide not one mourner from his eye,
Nor can the seraph's loudest strains
Drown, by their sound, the faintest sigh.

Oh Prayer ! thou mine of things unknown,
Who can be poor possessing thee ?
Thou wert a fount of joy alone,
Better than worlds of gold could be.
Were I bereft of all beside,
That bears the form or name of bliss,
I yet were rich, what will betide,
If God, in mercy, leave me this.

THE EXILE.

Bar'on.

THE exile on a foreign strand,
Where'er his footsteps roam,
Remembers that his father's land
Is still his cherish'd home.

Though brighter skies may shine above,
And round him flowers more fair,
His heart's best hopes and fondest love
Find no firm footing there.

Still to the spot which gave him birth
His warmest wishes turn ;
And elsewhere own, through all the earth,
A stranger's brief sojourn.

Oh ! thus should man's immortal soul
Its privilege revere ;
And, mindful of its heavenly goal,
Seem but an exile here.

'Mid fleeting joys of sense and time,
Still free from earthly leaven,
Its purest hopes, its joys sublime,
Should own no home but heaven !

PRIDE.

Pollok.

PRIDE, self-adoring Pride, was primal cause
Of all sin past, all pain, all woe to come.
Unconquerable Pride ! first, eldest Sin,
Great fountain-head of evil ! highest source,
Whence flow'd rebellion 'gainst the Omnipotent,
Whence hate of man to man, and all else ill.
Pride at the bottom of the human heart
Lay, and gave root and nourishment to all
That grew above. Great ancestor of vice,
Hate, unbelief, and blasphemy of God ;
Envy and slander, malice and revenge,
And murder, and deceit, and every birth
Of damned sort, was progeny of pride.
It was the ever-moving, acting force,
The constant aim, and the most thirsty wish
Of every sinner unrenew'd, to be

A god ; in purple or in rags, to have
Himself adored. Whatever shape or form
His actions took, whatever phrase he threw
About his thoughts, or mantled o'er his life,
To be the highest was the inward cause
Of all ; the purpose of the heart to be
Set up, admired, obey'd. But who would bow
The knee to one who served, and was dependent ?
Hence man's perpetual struggle, night and day,
To prove he was his own proprietor,
And independent of his God, that what
He had might be esteem'd his own, and praised
As such. He labour'd still, and tried to stand
Alone, unpropp'd, to be obliged to none ;
And in the madness of his pride, he bade
His God farewell, and turn'd away to be
A god himself ; resolving to rely,
Whatever came, upon his own right hand.

O desperate frenzy ! madness of the will !
And drunkenness of the heart ! that nought could
quench
But floods of wo, poured from the sea of wrath,
Behind which, mercy sat ! to think to turn
The back on life original, and live !
The Creature to set up a rival throne
In the Creator's realm ! to deify

A woman ! and in the sight of God be proud !
To lift an arm of flesh against the shafts
Of the Omnipotent, and, 'midst his wrath,
To seek for happiness !—insanity [worlds
Most mad ! guilt most complete ! seest thou those
That roll at various distance round the throne
Of God, innumerable, and fill the calm
Of heaven with sweetest harmony, when saints
And angels sleep ?—As one of these, from love
Centripetal withdrawing, and from light,
And heat, and nourishment cut off, should rush
Abandon'd o'er the line that runs between
Create and increate, from ruin driven
To ruin still, through the abortive waste ;
So Pride from God drew off the bad ; and so,
Forsaken of him, he lets them ever try
Their single arm against the second death ;
Amidst vindictive thunders lets them try
The stoutness of their heart, and lets them try
To quench their thirst amidst the unfading fire,
And to reap joy where he has sown despair ;
To walk alone, unguided, unbemoan'd,
Where evil dwells, and death, and moral night
In utter emptiness, to find enough ;
In utter dark find light ; and find repose
Where God with tempest plagues for evermore :
For so they wished it, so did Pride desire..

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

Lord Brougham.

"THERE is a God," all nature cries ;
A thousand tongues proclaim
His arm almighty, mind all-wise,
And bid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify his name.

Thy name, great Nature's Sire divine,
Assiduous we adore,
Rejecting godheads at whose shrine
Benighted nations blood and wine
In vain libations pour.

Yon countless worlds, in boundless space,
Myriads of miles each hour
Their mighty orbs as curious trace
As the blue circlet studs the face
Of that enamell'd flower.

But thou too mad'st that floweret gay
To glitter in the dawn :

The hand that fired the lamp of day,
The blazing comet launch'd away,
Painted the velvet lawn.

“As falls a sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to thy will,”
By the same law those globes wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still found
In one eternal system bound,
One order to fulfil.

ANTICIPATION OF FUTURE HAPPINESS.

Taylor.

Ah ! why this disconsolate frame ?
Though earthly enjoyments decay,
My Jesus is ever the same,
A sun in the gloomiest day.
Though molten a while in the fire,
’Tis only the gold to refine ;
And be it my simple desire,
Though suffering, not to repine.

What can be the pleasure to me,
Which earth in its fulness can boast ?
Delusive its vanities flee,
A flash of enjoyment at most !
And if the Redeemer could part,
For me, with his throne in the skies,
Ah ! why is so dear to my heart
What he in his wisdom denies ?

Though riches to others be given,
Their corn and their vintage abound ;
Yet if I have treasure in heaven,
Where should my affections be found ?
Why stoop for the glittering sands,
Which they are so eager to share,
Forgetting those wealthier lands
That form my inheritance there !

Dear Jesus, my feelings refine,
My truant affections recall :
Then, be there no fruit in the vine,
Deserted and empty the stall,
The long-laboured olive may die,
The field may no harvest afford ;
But, under the gloomiest sky,
My soul shall rejoice in the Lord !

Then let the rude tempest assail,
The blast of adversity blow ;
The haven, though distant, I hail,
Beyond this rough ocean of woe ;
When safe on the beautiful strand,
I'll smile at the billows that foam,
Kind angels to hail me to land,
And Jesus to welcome me home.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

YOUNG Life presented to her view
Its sweetest flowers of brightest hue ;
The glowing tint she saw, and smiled,
Yet not these charms her heart beguiled—
She chose a branch of 'during palm,
Imbued in Gilead's sacred balm,
The dews of heaven preserved it bright,
And round it beam'd a holy light.
Those lovely flowers were stolen away—
But this she kept, and wears for aye ;
Empyrean splendours 'round her rise,
And Eden's beauties feast her eyes.

THE SAINT.

Marriott.

A SAINT ! Oh, would that I could claim
The privileged, the honour'd name,
And confidently take my stand,
Though lowest, in the saintly band.

Would, though it were in scorn applied,
That term the test of truth could bide !
Like kingly salutations given,
In mockery to the King of Heaven.

A saint ! and what imports the name
Thus banded in derision's game ?
" Holy, and separate from sin ;
To good, nay even to God akin."

Is such the meaning of the name,
From which a Christian shrinks with shame ?
Yes, dazzled by the glorious sight,
He owns his crown is all too bright.

And ill might son of Adam dare,
Alone such honour's weight to bear ;
But fearlessly he takes the load,
United to the Son of God.

A saint ! Oh, scorner, give some sign,
Some seal, to prove the title mine,
And warmer thanks thou shalt command,
Than bringing kingdoms in thy hand.

Oh ! for an interest in that name,
When hell shall ope its jaws of flame,
And sinners to their doom be hurl'd,
While scorned saints " shall judge the world."

How shall the name of saint be prized,
Though now neglected and despised,
When Truth shall witness to the Lord,
That none but " saints shall judge the world !"

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

Miss Jewesbury.

PICTURE, thou troublest me. I cannot gaze
Upon thy portraiture, intent to praise,

But dimness, born of dreams—mysterious awe—
Steals o'er my vision, as if Christ I saw :
O, that thou wert a scene of common life,
Speaking alone of human love or strife !
Then could I write, nor deem Him at my side,
Who laid His hand upon the ark—and died.
Picture, thought-chaining picture, I behold
Thy cedars darken 'gainst a sky of gold ;
Hills made by sunset gorgeous as the cloud,
And clouds like mountains piled, a stately crowd ;
And thou hast female forms—one meekly sad,
And one a sister, yet more meekly glad ;
Beauty and quiet on thy page appear—
Sunset and woman—is it these I fear ?
O, not for these my eye of soul grows dim,
But heaven is in that form;—God breathes in him.
The Nazarene is there—and can I know
The thrilling words that from his lips now flow,
Reproof that sinks the spirit into dust,
And praise that fills with ecstasy of trust ;
Nor turn from all the beauty glowing there,
Abash'd, like her—the one of too much care !
O, gentle Presence ! Lowliest, yet Most High !
And thou wert canopied by this our sky !
And earth, most lovely, and most guilty thing,
(As bearing in her bosom man and spring,)
Hath felt thy footsteps ! Well may she be proud,

And well may ocean, and the silent cloud :
But man, like whom thou walk'dst in heart and limb,
Sorrow and shame, not lofty thoughts for him :
His sin the cause that thou on earth wert seen,
Wearing thy glories with a grief-worn mien,
That each resemblance that thy name would bear
Must heavenly beauty dim with human care !
But now, sad thoughts, farewell : the pictured three,
Are safe in heaven at last, from sorrow free—
Christ on the throne of God—his birth-right meet,
And Martha—now like Mary, at his feet !

ATHEISM.

Coleridge.

FORTH from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight !) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, " Where is it ? "

ADDRESS TO DEATH.

Anonymous.

LET others start back with affrighted eye
From the black horror-struck declivity ;
Let others, with closed eyes and drooping head,
Hang o'er the quiet pillow of the dead.
All hail to thee, O Death ! thou com'st to me
Clad in no chilling gorgon panoply,
Mine eye unscath'd thy awful face hath scann'd,
I see no sword of terror in thy hand.
My head in gladness at thy feet I bow,
I see no darkening shadow on thy brow.
O messenger of hope and peace from God,
Bearer of joy and blessing, not the rod :
Thy hand, celestial soother of our cares,
From Paradise a torch of glory bears,
And gentle Faith, the Christian's angel-guide,
Unfolds a world of beauty at thy side !
Come then, dear Spirit, quickly, and unbind
The earthly chains that press upon my mind.

Oh, wherefore lingerest thou? Appear! Appear!
E'en now my spirit sorrows to be here,
Longing to that Great Being to ascend,
At once my bright beginning and my end!

EVENING.

Rev. J. Keble.

'Tis gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press;
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When round thy wondrous works below
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—

Or by the light thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows, |
Scanning thy gracious providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense :—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold ;—
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Thou Framers of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark ;
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have thee.

The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt thee and us ordain'd to stand,—
Guide thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in thy sight.

Oh, by thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach thou thy priests their daily cross
To bear as thine, nor count it loss !

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

INSTRUCTION.

Baptizing.

THE heart has tendrils, like the vine,
Which round another's bosom twine,

Outspringing from the parent tree
Of deeply-planted Sympathy,
Whose flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss ;
Beneficence its harvest is.

There are some bosoms dark and drear,
Which an unwater'd desert are :
Yet there a curious eye may trace
Some smiling spot, some verdant place,
Where little flowers, the weeds between,
Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.

Despise them not—for Wisdom's toil
Has ne'er disturb'd that stubborn soil :
Yet care and culture might have brought
The ore of Truth from mines of thought ;
And Fancy's fairest flowers had bloom'd
Where Truth and Fancy lie entomb'd.—

Insult him not—his blackest crime
May, in his Maker's eye sublime,
In spite of all thy pride, be less
Than e'en thy daily waywardness :
Than many a sin, and many a stain,
Forgotten, and impressed again.

There is, in every human heart,
Some not completely barren part,

Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow ;
To plant, to watch, to water there,—
'This be our duty—be our care !

And sweet it is the growth to trace
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
In bosoms where our labours first
Did the young seed of spring-time burst ;
And lead it on, from hour to hour,
To ripen into perfect flower.

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad
In all the robes that Eden had ?—
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,—
A paradise of mysteries !—
Plains, with green hills adorning them,
Like jewels in a diadem ?

These gardens, vales, and plains and hills,
Which beauty gilds, and music fills,
Were once but deserts—culture's hand
Has scatter'd verdure o'er the land :
And smiles and fragrance rule, serene,
Where barren wilds usurp'd the scene.

And such is Man ! a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds :

Flowers lovely as the morning's light—
Weeds deadly as the aconite ;
Just as his heart is train'd to bear
The poisonous weed, or floweret fair.

Flow, then, pure Knowledge ! ever flow !
Change nature's face in man below ;
A paradise once more disclose—
Make deserts bloom with Sharon's rose ;
And, through a Saviour's blood, once shed,
Raise his forlorn and drooping head.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Hugg.

DWELLER in heaven and Ruler below,
Fain would I know thee, yet tremble to know.
How can a mortal deem how it may be
That being can never be absent from thee ?
Is it true that thou saw'st me before I was born ?
Is it true that thou knew'st me ere I knew the morn ?
That nature must live in the light of thine eye ?—
This knowledge for me is too great and too high !

That fly I to noon-day, or fly I to night,
To shroud me in darkness, or bathe me in light,
The light and the darkness to thee are the same,
And still in thy presence of wonder I am !
Should I, with the dove, to the desert repair,
Or dwell with the eagle in clough of the air,
In the desert afar, on the mountain's wild brink,
From the eye of Omnipotence still I must shrink.

Or mount I on wings of the morning away,
To caves of the ocean unseen by the day,
And hide in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there to be living and moving in thee ?
Nay, scale I the clouds, in the heavens to dwell,
Or make I my bed in the shadows of hell ;
Can science expound, or humanity frame,
That still thou art present, and still art the same.

Yes ! present for ever ! Almighty ! alone,
Great Author of nature, unbounded, unknown !
What mind can embody thy presence divine ?
I know not my own being ! how can I thine ?
Then humbly and low in the dust let me bend,
And adore what on earth I can ne'er comprehend ;
The mountains may melt, and the elements flee,
Yet a universe still be rejoicing in thee !

ON THE SWALLOW.

John Bunyan.

THIS pretty bird, oh ! how she flies and sings !
But could she do so if she had not wings ?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace :
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease.

DEPENDENCE ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Thomson.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear ;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life !
Raptures deep-felt his doctrines did impart,
And thus he raised from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears,
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?
And the fair body its investing weed ?

Behold ! and look away your low despair,—
See the light tenants of the barren air :
To them nor stores, nor granaries belong ;
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song :
Yet your kind, Heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing, when spring renews the plain,
To him they cry, in winter's pinching reign ;
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain :
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race ;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow ;
Yet, see how warm they blush, how bright they glow.
What regal vestments can with them compare,
What king so shining, or what queen so fair ?

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds;
If, o'er the fields, such lucid robes he spreads :
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say ?—
Is he unwise ?—or, are ye less than they ?

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

Rev. Thomas Bale.

'Tis still thine hour, O Death !
Thine, Lord of Hades, is the kingdom still :
Yet, twice thy sword unstain'd hath sought its
 sheath,
 Tho' twice upraised to kill :
 And once again the tomb
 Shall yield its captured prey :
A mightier arm shall pierce the pathless gloom,
 And rend the prize away :
Nor comes thy Conqueror arm'd with spear or
 sword ;— [word.
He hath no arms but prayer, no weapon but his

'Tis now the fourth sad morn
Since Lazarus, the pious and the just,

To his last home by sorrowing kinsmen borne,
Hath parted, dust to dust ;
The grave-worm revels now
Upon his mouldering clay ;
And He before whose car the mountains bow,
The rivers roll away
In conscious awe, He only can revive [live !
Corruption's withering prey, and call the dead to

Yet still the sisters keep
Their sad and silent vigil at the grave,
Watching for Jesus—" Comes he not to weep ?
He did not come to save !"
But now one straining eye
The advancing form hath traced ;
And soon in wild resistless agony
Have Martha's arms embraced
The Saviour's feet.—" O Lord ! hadst thou been
nigh— [high !"
But speak the word e'en now: it shall be heard on

They led him to the cave,
The rocky bed where now in darkness slept
Their brother, and his friend ;—then at the grave
They paused, for " Jesus wept."
O love sublime and deep !
O Hand and Heart divine !

He comes to rescue, though he deigns to weep.
The captive is not thine,
O Death ! thy bands are burst asunder now,
There stands beside the grave a mightier far than
thou.

“ Come forth,” he cries, “ thou dead !”
O God ! what means that strange and sudden sound
That murmurs from the tomb,—that ghastly head
With funeral fillets bound ?
It is a *living form*,—
The loved, the lost, the won,
Won from the grave, corruption, and the worm !
“ And is not this the Son
Of God ?” they whispered ; while the sisters pour’d
Their gratitude in tears : for they had known the
Lord.

Yet now, the Son of God—
For such he was in truth—approach’d the hour
For which alone the path of thorns he trode ;
In which to thee the power,
O Death ! should be restored,—
And yet restored in vain :
For tho’ the blood of ransom must be pour’d,
The spotless victim slain,—
He shall but yield to conquer, fall to rise,
And make the cold dark grave a portal to the skies.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

Rogers.

'Tis midnight—'tis midnigh to'er Egypt's dark sky,
And in whirlwind and storm the sirocco sweeps by:
All arid and hot is its death-breathing blast,—
Each sleeper breathes thick, and each bosom beats
fast.

And the young mother wakes, and arouses from rest,
And presses more closely her babe to her breast ;
But the heart that she presses is deathlike and still,
And the lips that she kisses are breathless and chill.
And the young brother clings to the elder in fear,
As the gust falls so dirge-like and sad on his ear;
But that brother returns not the trembling embrace:
He speaks not—he breathes not—death lies in his
place.

And the first-born of Egypt are dying around ;
'Tis a sigh—'tis a moan—and then slumber more
sound :

They but wake from their sleep, and their spirits
have fled—

They but wake into life, to repose with the dead.

And there lay the infant still smiling in death,
And scarce heaved its breast as it yielded its breath;
And there lay the boy, yet in youth's budding bloom,
With the calmness of sleep—but the hue of the
tomb!

And there fell the youth in the pride of his prime,
In the morning of life—in the spring-tide of crime:
And unnerved is that arm, and fast closed is that
eye,

And cold is that bosom which once beat so high.

And the fond mother's hope, and the fond father's
trust,

And the widow's sole stay, are returning to dust:
Egypt has not a place where there is not one dead,
From the proud monarch's palace to penury's shed.

And the hearths of that country are desolate now.
And the crown of her glory is struck from her brow:
But while proud Egypt trembles, all Israel is free—
Unfetter'd—unbound, as the wave of the sea.

THE BETTER LAND.

~~Mrs. Hemans.~~

I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
Mother, oh ! where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs ?
Not there, not there, my child.

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?
Not there, not there, my child.

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?

Not there, not there, my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there,
Time doth not breathe on its faultless bloom,
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child.

THERE IS A FRIEND WHICH STICKETH
CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

Barton.

THOUGH sunless, moonless, starless seem
Each sufferer's lonely state,
There is a light, whose cheering beam
Its gloom can dissipate :
It comes with healing on its wings,
And heavenly radiance round it flings !

It rises on the darken'd mind
With lustre brighter far
Than that to outward orb assign'd,
Of sun, or moon, or star ;
And matchless in its mild control
Over the desolate in soul.

There is a Friend more tender, true,
Than brother e'er can be ;
Who, when all others bid adieu,
Remains—the last to flee ;
Who, be their pathway bright or dim,
Deserts not those who turn to Him.

The heart by Him sustain'd, though deep
Its anguish, still can bear ;
The soul he *condescends* to keep,
Shall never know despair ;
In nature's weakness, sorrow's night,
God is its strength, its joy, its light.

He is the Friend who changeth not,
In sickness or in health ;
Whether on earth our transient lot
Be poverty or wealth ;
In joy or grief, contempt or fame,
To all who seek Him, still the same !

Of human hearts he holds the key ;
Is friendship meet for ours ?
Oh ! be assured that none but he
Unlocks its purest powers ;
He can recall the lost, the dead,
Or give us dearer in their stead.

Of earthly friends, who finds them true,
May boast a happy lot ;
But happier still, life's journey through,
Is he who needs them not :
A heavenly Friend—to know we need,
To feel we have—is bliss indeed.

ADAM'S MORNING ADORATION.

Milton.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good !
Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable ; who sit'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare

Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne, rejoicing ; ye in heaven :
On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of Stars ! last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet : praise him in the sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou, Sun ! of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gain'd, and when thou
 fall'st :
Moon ! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st ;
And ye five other wandering Fires ! that move
In mystic dance, nor without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air ! and ye Elements ! the eldest birth
Of nature—oh, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations ! that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold,

In honour to the world's great Author, rise :
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.

THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Sigourney.

"The way is long," the father said,
While through the western wild he sped
With eager searching eye ;
"Cheer ye, my babes," the mother said,
And drew them closer to her side,
As frown'd the evening sky.

Just then, within the thicket rude,
A long-rear'd cabin's roof they view'd,
And its low shelter blest ;
On the rough floor their simple bed
In haste and weariness they spread,
And laid them down to rest.

On leathern hinge the doors were hung,
Undeck'd with glass the windows swung,

The smoke-wreath stain'd the wall ;
And here they found their only home,
Who once had ruled the spacious dome,
And paced the pictured hall.

But hearts, with pure affection warm,
Unmurmuring at the adverse storm,
Did in that cell abide ;
And there the wife her husband cheer'd,
And there her little ones she rear'd,
And there in hope she died.

Still, the lone man his toil pursued,
While, 'neath his roof so low and rude,
A gentle daughter rose,
As peering through some refted rock,
And blooming on a broken stock,
The blushing sweetbriar grows !

With tireless hand the board she spread ;
The Holy Book at evening read ;
And when, with serious air,
He saw her bend so sweetly mild,
To lull to sleep the moaning child,
He bless'd her in his prayer.

But stern disease his footstep staid,
And down the woodman's axe was laid,—

The fever flame was high ;
No more the forest fear'd his stroke,—
He fell, as falls the rugged oak
Beneath the whirlwind's eye.

His youngest girl, his fondest pride,
His baby when the mother died,
How desolate she stands !
While gazing on his death-struck eye,
His kneeling sons with anguish cry,
And clasp his clenching hands.

Who hastes his throbbing head to hold ?
Who bows to chafe his temples cold ?
In beauty's opening prime !
That blessed daughter, meek of heart,
Who, for his sake, a matron's part
Had borne before her time.

That gasp,—that groan,—'tis o'er, 'tis o'er !
The manly breast must heave no more !
That heart no longer pine.
Oh ! Thou, who feed'st the raven's nest,
Confirm to them the promise blest,
"The fatherless are mine."

THE SABBATH.

Remains.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow paths their
way, [cending,
Toward spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms as-
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day.
The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds
play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a free vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound ;—yet, oh my God ! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill'd
My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbings still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

St. Amb.

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord passeth by ;
The mountains are rending, the tempest is nigh ;
The wind is tumultuous, the rocks are o'ercast ;
But the Lord of the Prophet is not in the blast.

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord, He is near,
The earth it is reeling, all nature's in fear ;
The earthquake's approaching, with terrible form ;
But the Lord of Sabaoth is not in the storm.

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord is in ire ;
The smoke is ascending, the mount is on fire !
O say, is Jehovah revealing His name !
He is near, but Jehovah is not in the flame.

He cometh, He cometh, the tempest is o'er ;
He is come, neither tempest nor storm shall be more ;
All nature reposes ; earth, ocean, and sky,
Are still as the voice that descends from on high.

How sweet to the soul are the breathings of peace,
When the still voice of pardon bids sorrow to cease,
When the welcome of Mercy falls soft on the ear,
“Come hither, ye laden—ye weary, draw near!”

There's a rest for the soul that on Jesus relies ;
There's a home for the homeless, prepared in the
 skies ;

There's a joy in believing, a hope, and a stay,
That the world cannot give, nor the world take away.

O had I the wings of a dove, I would fly,
And mount on the pinions of faith to the sky,
Where the still and small breathing to earth that
 was given,
Shall be changed to the anthem and chorus of
 heaven.

ON READING HENRY KIRKE WHITE'S
POEM ON SOLITUDE.

Josiah Conder.

BUT art thou thus indeed “alone,”
Quite unbefriended, and unknown?

And hast thou then his name forgot
Who form'd thy frame, and fix'd thy lot ?

Is not his voice in evening's gale ?
Beams not with him the "star" so pale ?
Is there a leaf can fade and die,
Unnoticed by his watchful eye ?

Each fluttering hope, each anxious fear,
Each lonely sigh, each silent tear,
To Thine Almighty Friend are known ;
And say'st thou, thou art "all alone ?"

TO MY MOTHER.

~~Birke~~ White.

AND canst thou, Mother, for a moment, think,
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.

Banish the thought ! where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond Memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

AUTUMN.

Montgomery.

SWEET Sabbath of the year !
While evening lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away.

Amid thy silent bowers,
'Tis sad, but sweet, to dwell :
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers
Around me breathe farewell.

Along thy sunset skies,
Their glories melt in shade ;
And like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves disclose ;
As, on Consumption's waning cheek,
'Mid ruin blooms the rose.

Thy scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay :
Of fair and early faded things,
Too exquisite to stay.

Of joys that come no more ;
Of flowers whose bloom is fled ;
Of farewells wept upon the shore ;
Of friends estranged or dead ;

Of all that now may seem,
To Memory's tearful eye,
The vanish'd beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh.

ON THE DEATH OF H. K. WHITE.

Rev. J. Plumptre.

SUCH talents and such piety combined,
With such unfeign'd humility of mind,

Bespoke him fair to tread the way to fame,
And live, an honour to the Christian name :
But Heaven was pleased to stop his fleeting hour,
And blight the fragrance of the opening flower.
We mourn—but not for him, removed from pain ;
Our loss, we trust, is his eternal gain :
With him we'll strive to win the Saviour's love,
And hope to join him with the blest above.

EVENING WORSHIP.

Rev. George Gordon.

Go thou when evening falleth,
When lingering sun doth fade,—
Thy soul to Him unbosom,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

Go thou when fair pale moonlight
Illumines land and sea,—
To Him who died to save thee,
To Jesus, bow thy knee.

Then, suppliant at God's altar,
Strike thy harp's sweetest chord,—
Give glory to the Father,
Confess that Christ is Lord.

THE HEART.

C. Swain.

THE Heart—the gifted heart—
Who may reveal its depths to human sight !
What eloquence impart
The softness of its love—the grandeur of its might !
It is the seat of bliss,
The blessed home of all affections sweet ;
It smiles where friendship is,
It glows where social feelings meet.

'Tis virtue's hallow'd fane—
'Tis freedom's first, and best, and noblest shield !
A strength that will remain
When grosser powers and feebler spirits yield !
It is religion's shrine,
From whence our holiest aspirations wing ;
Where joys, which are divine,
And hopes, which are of heaven, alone may spring !

The fount of tenderness—
Where every purer passion has its birth,
To cheer—to charm—to bless—
And sanctify our pilgrimage on earth.
O, heart! 'till life be o'er,
Shed round the light and warmth of thy dear flame,
And I will ask no more
Of earthly happiness—of earthly fame !

AN INFANT'S DEATH-BED.

Bethune.

With piety beyond her years,
In patient pain she lay,
And, as she mark'd her mother's tears,
Entreated her to pray ;

For she, poor sufferer, had been taught,
E'en ere her tongue could tell
The language of her own sweet thought,
How our first parents fell.

And she had heard of Sin and Death,
Had heard of Hell and Heaven,
And knew that mortal guilt through faith
Alone can be forgiven ;

And therefore did her dying eye
Demand a mother's care,
And her dying lips imploringly
Prompt her sad soul to prayer.

" Pray for me, mother—mother, pray !"
Was her last faint request,
Ere her young spirit burst away
To the land of joy and rest.

Why should that parent grieve in vain
To see her breathe her last,
Since her short pilgrimage of pain
So swiftly, sweetly pass'd ?

She grieves—yet placid is the tear
That lifeless form which steeps ;
Her spirit broods o'er that lone bier,
Rejoicing as she weeps.

She weeps above her faded rose,
Untimely cropp'd by Death ;
But the font that flows o'er its repose
Hath been refill'd by faith.

And she would rather linger there,
And weep with humbled pride,
Than with the gay their glory share,
Or smile o'er aught beside.

Of such as she whose eyes are closed
In deep and dreamless rest,
Redeeming mercy hath composed
The kingdom of the blest.

And she shall need no fostering hand,
Nor faithful mother's care,
To tend her in that holy land,
For all are happy there.

Such is the joyful hope which fills
That parent's eye with light,
Even through the tear which love distils
On her dear infant's flight.

THE SCOTTISH MARTYR'S GRAVE.

Brown.

I stood by the Martyr's lonely grave,
Where the flowers of the moorland bloom ;

Where bright memorials of nature wave
Sweet perfume o'er the sleeping brave,
In his moss-clad mountain tomb !

I knelt by that wild and lonely spot,
Where moulders the heart of one
That bled and died, but that blenched not
At the tyrant's chain, or the soldier's shot,
Till life's last sands had run.

And the vision of other days came back,
When the dark and bloody band,
With the might of a living cataract,
Essay'd to sweep, in their fiery tract,
The godly from the land.

When Zion was far on the mountain height,
When the wild was the House of Prayer ;
Where the eye of eternal hope grew bright,
O'er the saint, array'd in the warrior's might,
For his God and his country there !

When the barbarous hordes, as they onward rode
By the wild and rocky glen,
Have heard, when away from man's abode,
A voice that awed like the voice of God,—
—'Twas the hymn of fearless men !

For the sunless cave was the Martyr's home,
And the damp cold earth his bed ;
And the thousand lights of the starry dome
Were the suns of his path, while doomed to roam
O'er the wilds where his brothers bled !—

When the clang of the conflict rung on the heath,
And the watchword of freedom rose,
Like the tones of heaven, on the saint's last breath,
Far, far o'er the battle-notes of death,
As he soar'd to his last repose !—

The vision pass'd ; but the home is mine,
Where the wild bird makes her nest,
On the rocky altars and mossy shrine,
Where the weeds and flowers of the desert twine
Round the Martyr's bed of rest.

The lover of freedom can never forget
The glorious peasant-band—
His sires—that on Scotia's moorlands met ;—
Each name, like a seal on the heart, is set,
The pride of his father-land !

ANGELIC MINISTRY.

Spenser.

AND is there care in heaven ? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move ?
There is : else much more wretched were the case
Of men, than beasts. But O ! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God ! that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us, that succour want ?
How oft do they, with golden pinions, cleave,
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant ?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward :
O why should heavenly God to men have such
regard.

HYMN TO SUNSET.

CALM, pensive, prayer-inspiring hour,
Day's fairest, first of daughters, hail !
Thy voice is song from hawthorn bower,
Thy breath is balm from primrose dale,
And voice and breath fall sweet when blended in
the gale.

Thy sigh the breeze, whose whispers stray
O'er the lone stream, or, lingering, die ;
Thy smile, the pure, bright, parting ray
From earth that streams into the sky,
As if its glance would paint Heaven's glories on
the eye.

O be it mine to walk with thee !
On dewy footstep through the vale,
When the long shadow marks the lea
Where willows droop their foliage pale,
And o'er the stream white clouds on noiseless
pinions sail.

Soul-touching hour ! about me fold
Thy shadowy mantle ; let thy blue,
Pale vestment, with its weft of gold,
From dewy fringe dim-shining through,
Be o'er me cast, and bathe my spirit in its hue.

And take me by the hand, where'er
By valley, stream, or upland dell,
Thou goest, with brow serenely fair,
To bid the bird's green haunts farewell,
Or kiss the young wild flowers that solitary dwell.

And lead me to the mountain crest,
Gray sentinel of land and sea,
Where thy last beam delights to rest,
Where thy last look is sure to be,
And I will sit and weave a poet's wreath for thee.

Sweet hour ! thy voice, thy breath of balm,
Thy sigh of breeze, thy smile of light,
Thy waving robe, have each a charm
That wings my spirit on its flight
To him who bade thee be—so beautiful and bright.

VALIANT FOR THE TRUTH.

J. Montgomery.

FIGHT the good fight ;—lay hold
Upon eternal life ;
Keep but thy shield, be bold,
Stand through the hottest strife ;
Invincible while in the field,
Thou canst not fail,—unless thou yield.

No force of earth or hell,
Though fiends with men unite,
Truth's champion can compel,
However press'd, to flight ;
Invincible upon the field,
He must prevail,—unless he yield.

Apollyon's arm may shower
Darts thick as hail, and hide
Heaven's face, as in the hour
When Christ on Calvary died ;
No powers of darkness, in the field,
Can tread thee down,—unless thou yield.

Trust in thy Saviour's might,
Yea, till thy latest breath,
Fight, and like him in fight,
By dying conquer death ;
Then rise to glory from the field,
And with thy sword thy spirit yield.

Great words are these, and strong ;
Yet, Lord, I look to thee,
To whom alone belong
Valour and victory ;
If God be for me in the field,
Whom can I fear ? I will not yield ;

GOD, THE CHIEF GOOD.

Comper.

THOU art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word !
From thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random, without honour, hope, or peace :
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.

But O, thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown !
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor :
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

Milton.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide ;—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

NATURE.

John Newton.

Oh! what beauty and perfection
Through the works of nature shine;
Who but must, on calm reflection,
See in all a Power divine.

Every object bears impression
Of his all-creating hand,
From the sun, that cheers creation,
To the smallest grain of sand.

Is there one endow'd with reason,
One who views the earth and sky,
One who marks each change of season,
Can this sacred truth deny?

Air and water, light and darkness,
Every animal and flower,
Do continually bear witness
To His wisdom, love, and power.

Yet the volume of creation
Speaks not to the troubled breast ;
Tells it not of a foundation,
Where its hopes and fears may rest.

Never have the works of nature
Yet to mortal man revealed,
How his much-offended Maker
May to him be reconciled.

Flower, nor tree, nor rock, nor mountain,
Ever yet have show'd the way,
Ever told him of a Fountain
That could wash his guilt away.

Man could never yet discover,
From the sky, the earth, or sea,
When his days on earth are over,
Where or what his state should be.

But the page of Inspiration
Casts a light upon the whole,
Bringing peace and consolation
To the never-dying soul :

Guiding every true believer
To a land of pure delight,
Purchased by a dying Saviour,
Far above yon starry height.

PRAYER.

John Babington.

WHEN with the morn I first awake,
And glance upon the new-born day,
Be gratitude my earliest theme,
Then kindly, Lord, teach me to pray.

Amidst the busy hum of men,
When each pursues his worldly way,
Detach my mind from earthly cares
And lead me oft to Thee to pray.

When evening's sable period comes,
Memento fit of life's decay,
Teach me Thy goodness to record,
And ere I go to rest, to pray.

Whene'er temptation me besets,
Protect me, that I may not stray ;
Defend my path, and grant me grace
To walk with Thee, I humbly pray.

What time good hope my soul doth cheer,
My thanks to Thee I will assay ;
And when my spirit quails with fear,
Be it my privilege to pray.

When I approach life's closing scene,
Good Lord, be Thou my help and stay ;
Be with me in the vale of death,
To Zion guide me—thus I pray.

TO AN INFANT.

Steele.

CAN I bid thee, little stranger,
Welcome to a world of care ?
Where attends thee many a danger,
Where awaits thee many a snare ?

Hence, away, ye dark surmises,
Hope presents a fairer scene ;
Many a blooming pleasure rises,
Many a sunbeam shines serene.

Oh, may Providence defend thee !
Circled in his guardian arms,

Dangers shall in vain attend thee,—
Safe amid surrounding harms.

Shall I wish the world caressing ?
Wish thee pleasure, grandeur, wealth ?
No—but many a nobler blessing—
Wisdom, virtue, friendship, health.

May'st thou know the gracious Donor,
Early know, and love, and praise !
Then shall real wealth and honour,
Peace and pleasure crown thy days.

PRAISE TO GOD.

Hugg.

BLESSED be Thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guard and giver ;
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping ;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever.

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest ;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity ;
God of life ! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever !

CHILDHOOD.

Stutt.

CHILDHOOD, happy stage of life !
Free from care and free from strife,
Free from Memory's ruthless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain ;
Free from Fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill !
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new.

Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall ;

Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide ;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the dusty streets to chase ;
O what joy ! it once was mine,
Childhood, pleasing boon of thine !

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Sir John Babiaz.

O IGNORANT poor man ! what dost thou bear
Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast ?
What jewels, and what riches hast thou there ?
What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest ?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood:
Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
This worthy Mind should worthy things embrace :

Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quickening power with surfeitings :

Mar not her sense with sensuality :

Cast not away her wit on idle things :

Make not her free will slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,

Think not that death against her nature is ;

Think it a birth : and when thou goest to die,

Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,

Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see ;

Now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more ;

Now, when thou diest, thou canst not hood-
wink'd be.

And thou, my soul, which turn'st with curious eye

To view the beams of thine own form divine,

Know that thou canst know nothing perfectly,

Whilst thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of overweening, and compare,

Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train :

Study the best and highest things that are,

But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise

The glory of thy Maker's sacred name :

Use all thy power, that blessed Power to praise,

Which gives thee power to be, and use the same.

FAREWELL.

Barton.

NAY, shrink not from the word "farewell!"
As if 'twere Friendship's final knell;
Such fears may prove but vain:
So changeful is life's fleeting day,
Whene'er we sever—Hope may say
"We part *to meet again!*"

Even the last parting earth can know,
Brings not unutterable woe
To souls that heavenward soar;
For humble Faith, with steadfast eye,
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts that here at parting sigh,
May meet—to *part no more.*

THE FIRST WANDERER.

CREATION's heir! the first, the last,
That knew the world his own:

Yet stood he 'mid his kingdom vast,
A fugitive—o'erthrown !
Faded and frail the glorious form,
And changed the soul within,
While pain, and grief, and strife, and storm,
Told the dark secret—SIN !

Unaided and alone on earth,
He bade the heavens give ear ;
But every star that sang his birth,
Kept silence in its sphere.
He saw round Eden's distant steep
Angelic legions stray :—
Alas ! they were but sent to keep
His guilty foot away.

Then turn'd he reckless to his own,
The world before him spread ;
But nature's was an alter'd tone,
And spoke rebuke and dread.
Fierce thunder-peal, and rocking gale,
Answer'd the storm-swept sea,
While crashing forests joined the wail,
And all said,—“ Cursed for thee !”

This spoke the lion's prowling roar ;
And this the victim's cry :

This, written in defenceless gore,
For ever met his eye !
And not alone each fiercer Power
Proclaim'd just Heaven's decree :
The faded leaf, the dying flower,
Alike said,—“ Cursed for thee !”

Though mortal, doom'd to many a length
Of life's now narrow span,
Sons rose around in pride and strength,—
They, too, proclaim'd the ban.
'Twas heard amid their hostile spears ;
Own'd in the murderer's doom ;
Seen in the widow's silent tears ;
Felt in the infant's tomb.

Ask not the wanderer's after fate,
His being, birth, or name :
Enough that all have shared his state,
That MAN is still the same.
Still briar and thorn his life o'ergrow ;
Still strives his soul within ;
And pain, and care, and sorrow show
The same dark secret,—SIN !

THE MISSIONARY.

HE left his home, his native land,
The spot that gave him birth,
To spread the gospel, and to preach
Salvation through the earth.
He left each peaceful happy scene,
Which he in youth had trod,
But still he fainted not, his trust
And staff was Jacob's God.

He left his home—oh ! none can tell
How much each well-known scene
Twines round the heart, and with it brings
The thought of what has been ;
Each tree, each flower, to him endear'd
By memories fond and past,
Each sunny spot where he had stray'd,
On these he look'd his last.

He left his fertile, verdant fields
For Afric's burning plains,

The voices of beloved friends
For sands where silence reigns ;
The thrush was wont to break his rest,
Low warbling near his door,
Like thunder these, the echoing rocks,
Give back the lion's roar.

All, all, he quits—that aged sire,
With locks of silver gray,
Who taught his childish tongue to speak,
His infant lips to pray.
He craved his blessing, on his neck
The weeping father hung—
“The Lord be with thee, 'tis His work—
His will, not mine, be done.”

He knelt before his mother's knee,
Where he, a babe, had slept,
Whose eye had watch'd his infancy,
And o'er his cradle wept ;
That mother's faith was firm and high,
And as she clasp'd her son,
She felt that his reward was sure,
His joy immortal won.

He held his brother's hand in his,
The playmate of his youth,

Whose younger mind himself had taught
To seek the paths of truth ;
The partner of his boyhood's couch,
The sharer of his heart,
He bless'd and pray'd that sorrow ne'er
Might be that brother's part.

His sister, of all earthly things
The dearest to his breast,
The cherish'd inmate of his soul,
The fairest and the best ;
Though in her gifted angel-frame
Each loveliness combined,
Still fairer was the radiant gem
The casket held enshrined.

A soul as pure as ever dwelt
In erring human form,
A heart with each affection rich,
With every virtue warm.
She was her brother's idol, all
His hopes were center'd there,
The spring of all his earthly joys,
The object of his care.

And could he leave her ? Yes, the love
That burn'd within his breast,

Of Him who died, a world to save,
No more might be repress;
He left his sister, parents, all
That earth to him had given,
In heathen lands to speak His name
And guide the lost to Heaven.

But not alone he went, for prayers
Were with him on the deep,
And nightly dreams of those he left
Came o'er his peaceful sleep;
And many souls received the gift,—
The gift of Life he bore,
And grateful thousands bless'd the day
That brought him to the shore.

MY MOTHER.

My Mother! Oh! what tenderness appears
In that loved name; nurse of my infancy!
(Soothing my cries through many an anxious day,)
Guide of my youth! friend of my riper years!
My Mother, well my song may be of thee,—
For thou didst lead my infant steps to God;

Strewing with Love's sweet flowers the narrow road
That leads from Time to blest Eternity.

Though now my home is distant far from thee,
And other ties are twined around my heart ;
Yet thy dear image never shall depart :
Thy looks of love live in my memory ;
Still I retrace them with a fond delight,—
Thou art my thought by day, my dream by night.

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER.

Comper.

PHILOSOPHY, baptized

In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed ; and, viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives Him his praise, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all her branches. Piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews.
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage !

Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word sagacious. Such too, thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna.

He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature ; and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers ; his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And, smiling, say, My Father made them all.
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world,
So clothed with beauty, for rebellious man ?
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once,
Thine eye shall be instructed : and thine heart
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain top with faces prone,

And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them, or recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate, heedless of the scene o'erspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away,
From inland regions to the boundless main.
Man views it and admires, but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has its praise,
But not its Author. Unconcern'd, who form'd
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And such well-pleased to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touch'd from Heaven,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read His wonders, in whose thought the world,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was :
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more who fashion'd it, he gives it praise ;
Praise, that from earth resulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in him.
The soul that sees him, or receives sublimed,
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
More worthily the powers she own'd before,
Discerns in all things what with stupid gaze
Of ignorance till then she overlook'd,—
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,

Who gives its lustre to the insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference.

. . . . One Spirit—His

Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Robes universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him ! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer.

MEDITATION IN THE NIGHT.

Miss Carter.

WHILE night in solemn shade invests the pole,
And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul ;
While reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away :
To Thee, all-conscious Presence, I devote
This peaceful interval of sober thought ;
Here all my better faculties confine,
And be this hour of sacred silence thine.
If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd ;
Snared by example or by passion warm'd,
Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd,
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
Deprived of this, can life one joy afford ?
Its utmost boast, a vain, unmeaning word.
But oh ! how oft my lawless passions rove,
And break those awful precepts I approve,
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore !

Of, when thy better Spirit's guardian care
Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
My stubborn will his gentle aid repress'd,
And check'd the rising goodness in my breast ;
Mad with vain hopes, or urged by false desires,
Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred
fires.

With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
Shouldst Thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
But oh ! thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name,—
Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horrors of despair,
From rig'rous justice steals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of power,
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.
All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey ;
Lest lurking folly, with insidious art,
Regain my volatile, inconstant heart.
Shall every high resolve devotion frames
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names ?
Oh ! rather, while thy hopes and fears control
In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep, my tomb ;

Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
Till the last morn its orient beam disclose ;
Then, when the great archangel's potent sound
Shall echo through creation's ample round,
Waked from the sleep of death, with joy survey
The opening splendours of eternal day.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

THE Sabbath bells ! the Sabbath bells !
To me no sound of gladness bring !
Their sacred music only swells
The fountain whence my sorrows spring ;
Telling of mis-spent hours gone by,
And Sabbaths pass'd unworthily !

They speak of days in folly past,
Of talents wasted—misapplied ;
Of many a blessing from me cast
In the heart's wanton hour of pride ;
They tell of passions, struggles, fears,
The warfare of this vale of tears !

They whisper resolutions made,
But broken at their very birth,
Like the sun-bird whose pinions fade
The moment that it rests on earth ;
Of virtues, germ'd within the mind,
Nipp'd ere the buds could nurture find.

They speak of worldly idols served,
Whose glittering dross soon turn'd to clay !
Of truant feet too oft that swerved
From virtue's safe and narrow way,
To wander in the beaten road,
That leads the soul from peace and God !

And shall I tell these truths in vain ?
Is it too late to be forgiven ?
May not the wand'rer turn again,
And trace the pathway back to Heaven ?
That cheering thought each care dispels,
I bless your call, sweet Sabbath bells !

THE DEATH OF ADAM.

" O YE that shudder at this awful strife,
This wrestling agony of death and life,

Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
Will leave me thus forsaken to the last ;
Nature's infirmity alone you see ;
My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free :
Though firm in God the Spirit holds her trust,
The Flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.
Horror and anguish seize me ;—'tis the hour
Of darkness, and I mourn beneath its power ;
The Tempter plies me with his direst art,
I feel the Serpent coiling round my heart,
He stirs the wound he once inflicted there,
Instils the deadening poison of despair,
Belies the truth of God's delaying grace,
And bids me curse my Maker to his face.
—I will not curse Him, though his grace de-
lay ;

I will not cease to trust Him, though he slay ;
Full on his promised mercy I rely,
For God hath spoken,—God, who cannot lie.
THEOY, of my faith the Author and the end !
Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend !
The joy, that once thy presence gave, restore
Ere I am summon'd hence, and seen no more :
Down to the dust returns this early frame,
Receive my spirit, Lord ! from whom it came ;
Rebuke the Tempter, show thy power to save,
O let thy glory light me to the grave,

That these, who witness my departing breath,
May learn to triumph in the grasp of death."

He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,
And seem'd to rest in silent prayer awhile ;
Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,
When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd
A Spirit that stood within the unopen'd door ;—
The sword of God in his right hand he bore :
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's crest ;
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
His presence still'd the fury of the storm ;
At once the winds retire, the waters cease ;
His look was love, his salutation " Peace !"

Our mother first beheld him, sore amazed,
But terror grew to transport, while she gazed :—
" 'Tis He, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove
Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove ;
Adam, my life, my spouse, awake !" she cried ;
" Return to Paradise ; behold thy Guide !
O let me follow in this dear embrace :"—
She sunk ; and on his bosom hid her face.
Adam look'd up ; his visage changed its hue,
Transform'd into an angel's at the view ;
" I come !" he cried, with faith's full triumph
fired,
And in a sight of ecstasy expired.

The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled ;
We stood alone, the living with the dead :
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
Display'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom ;
But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,
The gate of heaven had open'd there, and closed.

Eve's faithful arm still clasp'd her lifeless spouse;
Gently I shook it, from her trance to rouse :
She gave no answer ; motionless and cold,
It fell like clay from my relaxing hold ;
Alarm'd, I lifted up the locks of grey,
That hid her cheek ; her soul had pass'd away ;
A beauteous corse, she graced her partner's side,
Love bound their lives, and death could not divide.

Trembling astonishment of grief we felt,
Till nature's sympathies began to melt ;
We wept in stillness through the long, dark night:
And O how welcome was the morning light !

HAPPINESS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Epitaph.

HAPPINESS ! thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat ? O tell me where !

Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame
All cry out, "It is not here."
Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies,
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.

Object of my first desire,
Jesus ! crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee :
Thee to praise and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below ;
Thee to see and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

Lord ! it is not life to live,
If thy presence Thou deny,
Lord ! if Thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death—to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows,
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

Whilst I feel thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy ;

Here, O may I walk with Thee,
Then into thy presence die !
Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness !
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below and heaven above.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

Anonymous.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose, in heaven !

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;

When toss'd on Life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven !

There, Faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven !

There fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
And joys supreme are given :
There rays divine disperse the gloom :
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

THE UNION OF THE THREE GRACES.

Anonymous.

FAITH, Hope, and Love, now dwell on earth,
And earth by them is blest ;
But Faith and Hope must yield to Love,
Of all the graces best.

Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And Faith be sight above ;
These are the means, but this the end ;
For saints for ever love.

HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Beattie.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering
with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save :
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn ?
O! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward
to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

"O pity, great Father of light," then I cried,
"Thy creature, who fain would not wander from
Thee !

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride ;
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst
free."

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn :
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,

And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are
blending,

And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb !

RESIGNATION.

Barter.

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live ;

To live and serve Thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
That shall have the same to pay ?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before ;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by his door.
Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be ?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days ;
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of Faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

CONTENTMENT.

Comper.

FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea ;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

In vain by reason, and by rule,
We try to bend the will ;
For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heavenly skill.

Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.

" Art thou a sinner, soul ?" he said ;
" Then how canst thou complain ?
How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
With everlasting pain !

If thou of murmuring would'st be cured,
Compare thy griefs with mine;
Think what my love for thee endured,
And thou wilt not repine.

'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
And I do all things well;
Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
And rise with me to dwell.

In life my grace shall strength supply,
Proportion'd to thy day;
At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
To wipe thy tears away."

Thus I, who once my wretched days
In vain repining spent,
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace, .
Have learn'd to be content.

ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S
NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,

Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring ;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at heaven's high council-
table,
To sit, the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside ; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant-God ?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode ;
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright ?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet :
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;

Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel-quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.

Anonymous.

TRAVERSE the world, go fly from pole to pole,
Go far as winds can blow or waters roll,
All, all is vanity, beneath the sun,
To certain death through different paths we run.
See the pale miser poring o'er his gold ;
See there a galley-slave to misery sold !
Ambition's votaries groan beneath its weight,
The splendid victim of the toils of state.
Lo ! in the mantling bowl sweet poisons flow ;
Love's softest pleasures terminate in wo ;
Even Learning ends her vast career in doubt,
And puzzling on makes nothing clearly out.
Where then is sovereign bliss ? Where doth it
grow ?
Know, mortal ! happiness ne'er dwelt below.
Look towards heaven, be heaven thy only care ;
Spurn the vile earth—go seek thy treasure there.

REDEMPTION.

Young.

AND what is this ? Survey the wondrous cure,
And at each step let higher wonder rise !
Pardon for infinite offence, and pardon
Through means which speak its value infinite,
A pardon bought with blood, with blood divine,
With blood divine of Him I made my foe,
Persisted to provoke, though woo'd and awed,
Bless'd and chastised, a flagrant rebel still—
A rebel 'midst the thunders of His throne !
Nor I alone—a rebel universe !
My species up in arms ! not one exempt !
Yet for the foulest of the foul He dies,—
Most joy'd for the redeem'd from deepest guilt !
As if our race were held of highest rank,
And Godhead dearer as more kind to man !
Bound every heart, and every bosom, burn.
O, what a scale of miracles is here !
Its lowest round high planted on the skies,

Its towering summit lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel ! Oh that I could climb
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise !
Praise ! flow for ever (" if astonishment
Will give thee leave,") my praise for ever flow ;
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high Heaven,
More fragrant than Arabia sacrificed,
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

MY MOTHER.

William Thomson.

WITHIN a court, whose gloomy walls display'd
Traces of old magnificence decay'd,
Whose low-brow'd batter'd archway seem'd to
sneer
At th' impoverish'd groups whose homes were near,
In one small room, reach'd by the public stair,
Poor and unfriended, lived an humble pair.
The house was old, erected when the best
Dwelt in the lanes, nor hurried to the west ;
But now it shelters a promiscuous crowd,
Who throng its rooms, and lift their voices loud ;

And chambers which were erewhile fashion's shrine
Are now the scenes where want and sorrow pine.—
Such was their home, endear'd by many a joy,
Nor less endear'd by frequent griefs' alloy ;
For their two lovely babes, their hope and pride,
Both, within one short month, grew sick, and died;
And their two other babes, who seem'd design'd
To fill the blank in their sad parents' mind,
And who so like the dear departed seem'd,
That as the parents gazed they thought they
dream'd,—

These two together pined, and from the day
When the first sufferer breathed his soul away,
An equal space beheld his brother's death,
As when the former two resign'd their breath.
Two others yet remain'd, beauteous and young ;
And eagerly to them the mother clung,
Watch'd them with careful eye, and ever near
Gazed on with joy ; but in her joy was fear ;—
She fear'd that, like their brothers, they might die,
And leave her all alone—the thought was agony.

Nor were her fears in vain ; and as they lay
On their uneasy couch, oft did she pray,
That one, if only one, might still be left
To cheer a heart of many a joy bereft.
Ah ! little thought she that the chosen one
Usurp'd a place the Lord claim'd as his own,

Or by these blows of sore consuming pain
He knock'd, an entrance to her heart to gain.—

Nor was the Missionary absent then :
He came before, and now he came again.
He spoke of resignation ; but his theme
Seem'd to her humbled mind an idle dream.
He spoke of heaven, to which her babes would
hie,

And all the glorious mansions of the sky ;
But she was left on earth, nor could her grief
From such a hope find the desired relief.
He spoke enraptured of the wondrous morn,
When hearts from hearts, by death asunder torn,
Shall meet, nor part again ; but still she clung,
Nor would she now be sever'd from her young.
He spoke of Jesus,—how he still retains
In heaven remembrance of his toils and pains,
And bends with pity to the tears and cries
That from this sinful world unheeded rise.
She sought no sympathy but what would save
Her suff'ring loved ones from the threatening grave.
He pray'd, she tried to pray, but scarcely join'd
In prayer for hearts to every ill resign'd ;
But all her soul gush'd forth, when he implored
That soon each child should be to health restored ;
And wrung his hand when he arose to part,
And in her eye portray'd her bursting heart.

The crisis now is past ; and both are gone,
While the reft mother lives to mourn alone.
Yes, let her weep ; these precious drops that flow,
While they express, alleviate her wo.
The hour of agony is past ; and calm,
Though sad, she may receive the sov'reign balm—
The balm of Gilead. Now that hope has fled,—
For hope expires for ever with the dead,
Her soul can look for other joys, to fill
The vacant heart, though bleeding, craving still,—
To find some one on whose responsive breast
It may confiding lean, and be at rest.
'Twas then she thought of counsels once unfelt :
The heart, once lock'd in woes, began to melt
For other woes which erst gave small concern,
To hope for joys before unknown, to learn
The wondrous tale of Jesus' love, and feel
That he alone the bleeding heart can heal,
Alone can satisfy its wide desire,
Alone its faculties with peace inspire.

She search'd, believed, rejoiced ; no more her
stay
Reposed on joys which speedily decay.
On Jesus now she laid her every care ;
Her treasure was in heaven, her heart was there.
Though oft, when musing on her bygone years,
She felt her eyes suffused with nature's tears,—

These were not joyless tears, nor did she mourn
Like those whose joys can never more return.
For her she knew that joys were yet in store ;
Her children were not lost, but gone before,—
Gone to that land where center'd all her joy,
Where sorrow cannot dwell nor death destroy.
Nor were they long before ; her closing scene
Was gentle as her later days had been,
No rapturous joy, but all was peaceful and serene.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Milman.

For thou didst die for me, O Son of God !

By Thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn ;
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,
And tempests beat thy houseless head forlorn.

Thou, that wert wont to stand
Alone, on God's right hand,
Before the ages were, the Eternal, eldest-born.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,
Thy love's return ingratitude and hate ;
The limbs Thou healedst brought Thee no relief,
The eyes Thou open'dst calmly view'd thy fate ;

Thou, that wert wont to dwell
In peace, tongue cannot tell,
Nor heart conceive the bliss of thy celestial state.

They dragg'd Thee to the Roman's solemn hall,
Where the proud judge in purple splendour sat ;
Thou stood'st a meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait :
Whose throne shall be the world
In final ruin hurl'd,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,
When " Crucify him !" yell'd the general shout ;
No hand to guard Thee mid those insults rude,
Nor lip to bless in all that frantic rout ;
Whose lightest whisper'd word
The seraphim had heard, [out.
And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke

They bound thy temples with the twisted thorn,
Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain ;
The blood, from all thy flesh with scourges torn,
Deepen'd thy robe of mockery's crimson grain ;
Whose native vesture bright
Was the unapproached light,
The sandal of whose foot the rapid hurricane.

They smote thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,
With the cold spear thy shuddering side they
pierced ;

The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm
They gave, t' enhance thy unslaked, burning
thirst :

Thou, at whose words of peace
Did pain and anguish cease, [burst,
And the long buried dead their bonds of slumber

Low bow'd thy head convulsed ; and, droop'd in
death,

Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry ;
Slow struggled from thy breast the parting breath,
And every limb was wrung with agony.

That head whose veiless blaze
Fill'd angels with amaze [on high.
When at that voice sprang forth the rolling suns

And Thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,
Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding graveclothes
bound ;

The sealed stone confirm'd thy mortal doom ;
Lone watchmen walk'd thy desert burial ground,
Whom heaven could not contain,
Nor th' immeasurable plain
Of vast Infinity inclose or circle round.

For us, for us, thou didst endure the pain,
And thy meek spirit bow'd itself to shame,
To wash our souls from Sin's infecting stain,
T'avert the Father's wrathful vengeance-flame :
Thou that could'st nothing win
By saving worlds from sin,
Nor aught of glory add to thy all-glorious name.

THE POLEMIC.

William Thomson.

'Tis not in knowledge to renew the mind,
For oft it is from charity disjoin'd,—
Celestial charity, the highest grace
Bestow'd by Heaven on our repentant race.
Knowledge extends our view ; 'tis love that spreads
The warmth of life along its vales and meads.
The one exalts us mid the fields of air, [bare ;
Spurns the low earth, and lays heaven's secrets
The other in the shade finds ample room,
Perceives in each low shrub a sweet perfume,
Rejoices in each joy that Heaven may send,
Sees in each man a brother and a friend.
But while each leads to rich and beauteous fields,
Knowledge puffs up, 'tis only love that builds.

Nor is it only 'mong the learn'd and great
That knowledge holds this seat of empty state :
It puffs up into giants little men,
Who, talking high of things beyond their ken,
Contrive to be as wretched as they may,
And make all others miserable as they.

Such was our hero. Poor he was, but proud ;
On each high mystery he reason'd loud,
Talk'd wise on every theme of sacred lore ;
When less he understood he ventured more
On the abyss unknown. With ready skill
From the hard text he stripp'd the harder shell ;
Then, with the effort pleased, like child at play
The untasted kernel rudely threw away.
He had no taste for Scripture's peaceful charms,
His joy was ever in the din of arms ;
Each fitting text like murderous dagger drew,
And triumph'd when his phantom foe he slew.
To him his Bible was no verdant field,
Salubrious fruits and healing balm to yield,—
To him it was a battle-field, and there
He challenged all his pointed steel to dare ;
Fought every inch, nor ever own'd defeat,
Nor felt his wounds amid the combat's heat.

In every book some heresy he found,
Rare was the preacher whom he reckoned sound.
No well-smoothed phrase the secret bane could hide,

Through all the folds the fatal snake he spied,
Though mid a fence of specious texts it curl'd,
Though massive argument was round it hurl'd,
Though beauteous figures frequent moved along
Persuasive as the melody of song,
Unmoved he sat, and watch'd the gathering ill,
Eager for time to show his critic skill ;
And when the time arrived, what was the bane ?
Some doubtful word which he to ill could strain ;
Some wire-drawn paradox was soon display'd,
And thus the dreadful heresy was made—
A precious harmony not understood—
A seeming evil, but a real good.

'Twere vain with such in reason to contend,
For ne'er to reason did his humour bend ;
And, tired of guides with whom he ne'er agreed,
He long'd from their direction to be freed—
And finding none to please him, left them all,
And spent his Sundays in the tavern hall ;
There wrangled with the wranglers o'er their ale,
And to good list'ners told his ready tale.

At length a teacher came, whose powerful voice
Compell'd respect, and still'd his usual noise.
'Twas sickness laid him low ; death seem'd behind,
And all his state at once rush'd on his mind.
Where now his swelling front ? his question sly ?
His bullying dogma, or his pert reply ?

With all his knowledge he is helpless now,
And anguish seems to settle on his brow.

Now first he sees how vain his course has been,
How poor support for the dread closing scene
Is knowledge misapplied. He turns, and turns,
This way and that, while all his bosom burns,
And finds no hope ; and soon had come despair,
Had not his anguish found relief in prayer.
Now docile as a child he hears the word,
And yields submissive to the heavenly Lord.
No cavils now, nor captious questions come ;
He hears Jehovah speak, and he is dumb,—
Confesses he is impotent and blind,
Content to follow humbly on behind.

He lives,—nor has his life his love belied ;
Freed from the power of soul-destroying pride,
He grows in grace. 'Tis true he still delights
At times on glowing wing to take his flights
Into the obscure of thought, and loves to urge
His force of reason 'gainst th' assailing surge ;
And pries into the mysteries of grace,
And tries to view them with a steady gaze ;
But now for truth, not victory, he strives,
And lowliness, not pride, from all derives ;
Grows stronger by his efforts, and they prove
That one may strive, and yet sincerely love.

THE EXILE.

Mrs. Hemans.

WHY, Memory, recall the cheerful hours,
The tranquil time that never can return ;
When, gaily wandering in my native bowers,
I once was smiling as the summer morn ?

And why recall my early friendships dear,—
Why lead my thoughts to fond illusions past ?
They claim the plaintive tribute of a tear ;
I weep for dreams of joy that fled so fast.

Ah ! still will Fancy all the scenes revive,
The favourite scenes that charm'd my youthful
breast ;

She bids them now in softer colours live,
And paints the cottage of domestic rest.

When Pleasure lighted up my sparkling eye,
And on swift pinions flew the social day ;
Ah ! then I pour'd the simple melody,
To hail the brilliance of the matin ray.

Ah ! still retentive only to my woe,
Will Memory trace the picture of my cot ;
And while in vain the tears of sorrow flow,
I rove in fancy to the sacred spot :

There fragrant woodbines form'd a mantling bower ;
And there I planted the luxuriant vine ;
There Love and Friendship bless'd the festive hour,
While every rural happiness was mine.

Ah ! thus will " sadly-pleasing " Memory dwell
On all the hopes, the fond illusions o'er ;
And still with touching power she loves to tell
Of happy moments to return no more.

THE SONG OF A SERAPH.

Mrs. Hemans.

Lo ! the dream of life is o'er ;
Pain the Christian's lot no more !
Kindred spirits ! rise with me,
Thine the meed of victory.

Now the angel-songs I hear,
Dying softly on the ear ;

Spirit, rise ! to thee is given,
The light ethereal wing of heaven.

Now no more shall virtue faint,
Happy spirit of the saint ;
Thine the halo of the skies,
Thine the seraph's paradise.

MEMORY.

Rev. Henry Alford.

Come to me often, sportive Memory :
Thy hands are full of flowers ; thy voice is sweet ;
Thine innocent uncared-for look doth meet
The solitary cravings of mine eye ;
I cannot let thee flit unheeded by,
For I have gentle words, wherewith to greet
Thy welcome visits. Pleasant hours are fleet ;
So let us sit and talk the sand-glass dry,
Dear visitant, who comest, dark and light,
Morning and evening, and with merry voice
Tellest of new occasion to rejoice ;
And playest round me in the fairy night
Like a quaint spirit, on the moonlight beams,
Threading the mazy labyrinth of dreams.

TO MY BROTHER.

Mrs. Hemans.

MUSE of friendship, wake the lyre,
Strike it with unwonted fire ;
Now my brother asks the lay,
The pleasing tribute let me pay.
Let the measure softly flow,
To give him all the thanks I owe ;
To wish him all my heart would say,
All that's happy, all that's gay.
Cherub health, with beaming eye,
Well-deserved prosperity,
Joy and honour, fortune, fame,
All that merit e'er can claim ;
Inward peace, with placid mien,
And domestic joy serene.
May Heaven propitious deign to hear
This, a sister's genuine prayer.

POWER AND GENTLENESS.

Bernard Barton.

NOBLE the Mountain-stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground ;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness;—thundering in its deafening sound!

Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies ;—

Thence in a summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around :—O ! tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair ?

Yet lovelier, in my view,
The Streamlet, flowing silently serene ;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives ;—itself unseen ;

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse,
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard :—its low, plaintive, tone,
A dirge-like melody,
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright ;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charms of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead ?

What are the trophies gain'd
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstain'd,
Won by the charities that gladden life ?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturb'd :
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curb'd !

TO HOPE.

Mrs. Hemans.

FAIR enchantress, gaily kind,
Sweet the dream inspired by thee ;
Ever bless thy poet's mind
With thy heavenly energy,
Thine, oh ! Hope, the magic art,
To charm the sorrows of the heart ;
To chase the fond, the plaintive sigh,
With visions of felicity !
Ah ! when real joys are o'er,
And love and peace delight no more,
Then thy melting syren-voice
Bids the pensive mind rejoice.
Ah ! thy dreams are too beguiling ;
Ah ! thy prospect is too smiling.
Welcome still, thy dear illusions ;
Ever sweet thy wild effusions ;
" Fair enchantress, gaily kind,
Ever bless thy poet's mind,"
Thine the inspiring song of peace,
Soon the plaint of woe shall cease ;

Soon again a brighter guest
Calm the mourning soul to rest.
Roses in thy path shall bloom ;
Think, oh ! think of joys to come !
Come, Hope, and all my steps attend,
Oh ! ever be my bosom friend ;
To me thy fairest dreams impart,
And whisper comfort to my heart.
Oh ! shed thy sweet, enchanting ray,
To bless my wild, romantic way.
In thy magic scene we view
Gay delusions, seeming true.
" Sweet musician, gaily kind,
Ever bless thy poet's mind !"

WISDOM.

Mrs. Hemans.

ALL Wisdom's ways are smooth and fair,
No treasures can with hers compare ;
More precious than the ruby bright,
She leads to honour and delight.
Seek her, and she is quickly found,
With never-fading olives crown'd.

Riches may fly within an hour,
Pale sickness wither Beauty's flower,
Death may our dearest friendships sever,
And rend the social tie for ever ;
Ah ! what but Wisdom then remains,
To cheer the heart beneath its pains !
To bid each murmuring thought arise,
And soar with rapture to the skies.
She calms the passions of the breast
With soothing hopes of future rest ;
And, like a minister of Heaven,
She tells us " mortals are forgiven."
Then Ophir's gold to her is nought,
Nor polish'd silver finely wrought ;
Nor all the jewels of the mine,
Compared with Wisdom's gem divine.

SONNET.

Rev. Henry Alford.

SLOWLY and softly let the music go,
As ye wind upwards to the gray church-tower ;
Check the shrill hautboy,—let the pipe breathe low,
Tread lightly on the pathside daisy-flower ;

For she ye carry was a gentle bud,
Loved by the unsunn'd drops of silver dew ;
Her voice was like the whisper of the wood
In prime of even, when the stars are few.
Lay her all gently in the flowerful mould ;
Weep with her one brief hour ; then turn away,—
Go to Hope's prison,—and from out the cold
And solitary gratings many a day
Look forth : 'tis said the world is growing old,—
And streaks of orient light in Time's horizon play.

HARVEST HYMN.

Mrs. Hemans.

Now Autumn strews on every plain
His mellow fruits and fertile grain ;
And laughing Plenty, crown'd with sheaves,
With purple grapes, and spreading leaves,
In rich profusion pours around
Her flowing treasures on the ground.
Oh ! mark the great, the liberal Hand,
That scatters blessings o'er the land ;
And to the God of Nature raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The infant corn, in vernal hours,
He nurtured with his gentle showers,
And bade the summer clouds diffuse
Their balmy store of genial dews.
He mark'd the tender stem arise,
Till ripen'd by the glowing skies ;
And now, matured, his work behold,
The cheering harvest waves in gold.
To nature's God with joy we raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The valleys echo to the strains
Of blooming maids, and village swains ;
To Him they tune the lay sincere,
Whose bounty crowns the smiling year.
The sounds from every woodland borne,
The sighing winds that bend the corn,
The yellow fields around proclaim
His mighty, everlasting Name.
To Nature's God united raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

THE STARS.

Mrs. Hemans.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,
The moon in brightness walks on high,

And, set in azure, every star,
Shines, a pure gem of heaven, afar !

Child of the earth ! oh ! lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse ;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore !

Doth it not speak to every sense
The marvels of Omnipotence ?
Seest thou not there the Almighty Name,
Inscribed in characters of flame ?

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night ;
Behold them !—can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host ?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze ;
Each is a world, by Him sustain'd,
Who from eternity hath reign'd.

Each, kindled not for earth alone,
Hath circling planets of its own,
And beings, whose existence springs
From Him, the all-powerful King of kings.

Haply, those glorious beings know
No stain of guilt, nor tear of woe ;

But, raising still the adoring voice,
For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art thou, oh ! child of clay !
Amid creation's grandeur, say ?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop lost in seas !

Yet fear thou not !—the sovereign Hand,
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a father's care !

Be thou at peace !—the all-seeing Eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky,
The searching glance which none may flee,
Is still, in mercy, turn'd on thee.

PRAYER.

James Montgomery.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, " Behold he prays !"

The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When, with the Father and his Son,
Their fellowship they find,

No prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O ! Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Mrs. Hemans.

O LOVELY Voices of the sky,
That hymn'd the Saviour's birth !
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang, " Peace on earth ?"
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,
O Voices of the sky !

O clear and shining Light, whose beams
That hour Heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherds' head ;
Be near, thro' life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith,
O clear and shining Light !

O Star which led to Him, whose love
Brought down man's ransom free ;
Where art thou ?—'Midst the hosts above,
May we still gaze on thee ?—
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim—
Send them to guide us yet,
O Star which led to him !

ODE TO POVERTY.

The following is the production of a humble Scottish rustic, William Park, who acts as farm-servant, or "minister's man," to the Rev. Mr. Brown of Eskdale Muir. That sentiments so refined, and thoughts so profound, should reside in a peasant, whose opportunities of improving his mind are probably of the most limited nature, is in itself most wonderful, and proves, if proof were wanting, how highly the rural people of Scotland are exalted in the scale of intellect. It also proves a far more important thing—that there is no lot so mean but it may be ennobled by virtuous feeling, and the triumphs of inborn genius.

HAIL ! mighty power ! who o'er my lot
Presidest uncontroll'd and free ;
Sole ruler of the rural cot,
I bid thee hail, dread Poverty !

Thine aid I crave to guide my strain,
Nor shall I supplicate in vain.

When, on this world of woe and toil,
A helpless stranger I was cast,
Like mariner on desert isle,
The sport and victim of the blast,
Thy russet robe was o'er me flung,
And to thy cold lean hand I clung.

In youth I felt thy guardian care,
Each saving, self-denying rule,
Awful for those of fortune spare,
I learnt and practised in thy school;
And of my lengthen'd life at large,
Thou still hast taken special charge.

Much have I seen—much more I've heard,
Of chance and change in this vain world;
The low to high estate preferr'd—
From high estate the haughty hurl'd;
But chance or change ne'er pass'd o'er me—
I'm still thy subject, Poverty!

Oh, how unwise are they who scorn
Thy homely garb and homely fare;
Who scale the tropic's burning bourne,
Ideal happiness to share!

They tread the wild, and plough the wave,
In quest of gold—but find a grave.

There are who know thee but by name,
Who spurn thy salutary laws,
And count thy badge a mark of shame,
And hold it sin to own thy cause.
Fools that they are ! they never knew
Thy guiltless pride—thy spirit true.

Full oft in danger's darkest day
Thy sons have proved their country's shield,
When wealth's effeminate array
Appear'd not on the battle field :—
'Twas theirs to grasp the patriot brand,
That dropp'd from Luxury's nerveless hand.

Full oft, where wealth-engender'd crime
Roll'd o'er the land its whelming tide,
Their fervent faith and hope sublime
Have stable proved, though sorely tried :
In virtue's heavenward path they trode,
When Pleasure's sons forsook their God.

And yet nor stone, nor poet's strain,
Records their honours undefiled ;
Even poesy would weave in vain
The laurel wreath for Penury's child :

Should Fashion sneer, or Fortune frown,
'Twould wither ere the sun went down.

But greater, happier, far is he,
More ample his reward of praise—
Though he should Misery's kinsman be,
Though hardships cloud his early days—
Who triumphs in temptation's hour,
Than he who wins the warlike tower.

What though he may not write his name
On History's ever-living page!
What though the thrilling trump of Fame
Echo it not from age to age!
'Tis blazon'd bright in realms on high,
Enroll'd in records of the sky.

What though the hireling bard be mute,
When humble worth for notice calls;
There wants not voice of harp or lute
To hymn it high in heavenly halls:
Around the cell where Virtue weeps,
His nightly watch the seraph keeps.

If peace of mind your thoughts employ,
Ye restless, murmuring sons of earth!
Ah! shun the splendid haunts of joy,
Peace dwells not with unholy mirth,

But oft amidst a crowd of woes,
As in the desert blooms the rose.

Thick fly the hostile shafts of fate,
And wreck and ruin mark their course,
But the pure spirit, firm, sedate,
Nor feels their flight, nor fears its force ;
So storms the ocean's surface sweep,
While calm below the waters sleep.

Oh ! may eternal peace be mine,
Though outward woes urge on their war,
And, Hope, do thou my path define,
And light it with thy radiant star.
Thou, Hope ! who through the shades of sorrow,
Could'st trace the dawn of joy's bright morrow.

HYMN OF THE BRITISH PEASANT.

For the pride of our fields, for our garden-decked
land,
For our valleys and rivers, the works of thy hand,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God!

For the fragrance of morn, for the lark's early song,
That bids us from slumber awake, and be strong;
For the dews, for the clouds, for the day's varied
sight, [Light.

We praise thee, we bless thee, the Fountain of

For the sweets of our toil, for the oak's covert shade,
'Neath whose breathings at noontide our banquet
is laid; [joyous glow,

For the strength of our limbs, for our cheek's
We praise thee, who crownest the sweet of our brow.

For evening's calm hour, when our labour is done,
For the fond little crowds, from each cottage that
run,

For their greetings of love, when around us they
come, [home,

We praise thee, we bless thee, who giv'st us our

For our Sabbaths and churches, thy Spirit's abode,
Where the old and the young swell the chorus to
God;

For each holy transport that kindles us there,
We praise thee, we bless thee, the Quickener of
prayer.

For the promise of spring, for thy summer's proud
state,

For the glories of harvest, for autumn's rich weight;

For the wood-fires of winter, so gladdening and clear,
We praise thee, we bless thee, who rulest the year.

For the kind British hearts, ever joying to give,
For the friends of the poor, amid whom we live,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God!

THE FAREWELL.

WHEN the sad parting word we hear,
That seems of past delights to tell ;
Who then, without a sacred tear,
Can say farewell ?

And are we ever doom'd to mourn,
That e'en our joys may lead to pain ?
Alas ! the rose without a thorn
We seek in vain.

When friends endear'd by absence meet,
Their hours are crown'd with every treasure ;
Too soon the happy moments fleet
On wings of pleasure.

But when the parting hour is nigh,
What feeling breast their woes can tell ?
With many a prayer and tender sigh
They bid farewell.

Yet Hope may charm their grief away,
And pour her sweet enchanting strain,
That friends beloved—some future day,
Shall meet again.

Her aid the fair deceiver lends,
To dry the tears which sadly fell ;
And calm the sorrow which attends
The last farewell.

THE END.

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